

New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR

AN INDEPENDENT LOCAL JOURNAL.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

Volume 10.

New Oxford, Pa., Friday, June 28, 1889.

Number 50.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. STRAHAN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, New Oxford, has removed to Cor. E. 1st and Hanover streets, where he will attend to professional calls night or day.

DR. I. M. BUSH,

Veterinary Surgeon, Graduate of the Chicago Veterinary College, will visit New Oxford every other Thursday, and will treat domestic animals of all kinds. Calls promptly attended to. Orders left with G. Klingel, next door to Free office will receive prompt attention.

J. L. BUTT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office with J. A. Kitzmiller, on second floor of Spangler building on Baltimore street. Prompt attention given to settlement of estates of decedents, minors, etc.; also, to conveying, liens and collections.

J. A. KITZMILLER,

(Successor to H. B. Woods, Esq.) ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, has removed his office to the second story of Spangler's building, Baltimore street, Gettysburg, Pa., recently occupied by H. B. Woods, Esq. Will attend collections and all other business entrusted to him.

S. MC. SWOPE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office on Baltimore street, opposite the court house. 17-2-32

WM. ARCH. MCLEAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on second floor over old store stand of Danner, now occupied by M. Kieffer, on West side of Baltimore street. Special attention given to settlement of estates of decedents, minors and other trusts, to conveying and liens, etc. Promptness in collections and remittances.

G. J. BENNER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office above G. W. Spangler's store, southeast corner of Square. 7-10-32

CHAS. S. DUNCAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Will continue the practice of law at the office of his father, the late W. A. Duncan, on Baltimore street. All legal business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. 5-10-32

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LAW, LOAN & REAL ESTATE OFFICES.

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D. J. A. MELHORN,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, New Oxford, Pa. Office on Main street, (blue front), near the R. R. depot. Special attention given to the writing of deeds, bonds, mortgages and other legal documents. All claims and legal business promptly and fairly attended to. Legal advice cheerfully given.

HOTELS & C.

Eagle Hotel.

Cent. Sq., New Oxford, Lewis F. Leece, Proprietor. Special attention given commercial travelers. Large and commodious sample rooms, etc. The table will be a specialty, and will be supplied with the choicest delicacies the market affords at all times. Ample stabling.

European Hotel.

FOUNTAIN SQUARE, HANOVER, G. P. FUHRMAN, Proprietor, (successor to David Newcomer). Larder always supplied the luxuries of the season, and the bar stocked with choicest liquors, Ale, Beer, and Cigars. Oysters and Game in season, served up in any style. Meals at any hour.

NATIONAL HOTEL,

AT THE RAILROAD, LITTLESTOWN, PA. J. H. WILST, Agent. Good accommodations at moderate charges. Bar stocked with choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars. A large and well-fitted sample room. First-class Billiard and Pool Tables. Extensive stabling and shedding attached.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,

YORK STREET, HANOVER, PA. J. W. HARPEL, Proprietor. This hotel has been thoroughly repaired, refitted and returned from carpet to carpet. The proprietor fully understands the hotel business, and will guarantee satisfaction to all his patrons. The table will be supplied with the best market affords, served in the best style, while the bar is stocked with choicest liquors and wines. Large and commodious yards and stables connected with hotel.

CENTRAL HOTEL,

HANOVER, PA. D. C. FLEMING, PROPRIETOR, (formerly of the City Hotel, York.) Free bus; steam heat; good stable accommodations. mar. 25.

NOTICE.

ROOFING, SPOUTING AND RADING of houses and barns; Repairing and all kinds of work attended to at shortest notice and work warranted.

A new way of putting up shingles, no straps, and no pulling out of nails. Come and see for yourselves.

All goods of the best material, and always a good selected stock on hand.

STRICTLY ONE-PRICE!

Mending given to the mail drivers will be promptly attended to.

GEORGE H. HEPLER, Tin-smith,

Carlisle St., New Oxford, Pa.



N. E. Cor. Diamond, New Oxford.

-J. W. DICKS-

-DEALER IN-

Pure Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,

Patent Medicines,

Toilet Articles,

Choice Perfumery,

Fancy Goods,

Fine Stationery,

Notions, &c.,

Cigars & Tobacco.

Choice Wines and Liquors,

for medical use only.

Careful Preparation of Prescriptions

our specialty.

Also, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.,

for Sale. Repairing done, and work guaran-

teed. All goods in either department war-

anted as represented.

"Used Up,"

"Tired Out," "No Energy," and similar expressions, whenever heard, indicate a lack of vital force, which, if not remedied in time, may lead to complete physical and nervous prostration. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to vitalize the blood, build up the tissues, and make the weak strong.

"For nearly three months I was confined to the house. One of the most celebrated physicians of Philadelphia failed to discover the cause of my trouble or afford relief. I continued in a bad way until about a month ago when I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It acted like a charm. I have gained flesh and strength and feel ever so much better. Shall continue using the Sarsaparilla until completely cured."—John V. Craven, Salem, N. J.

"I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time."—E. L. Fater, M. D., Manhattan, Kansas.

Be sure and ask for

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

We are prepared to do
All Kinds of Job Work!

Great Bargains In FURNITURE!



Are now being offered at

P. FEISER'S
CHEAP
FURNITURE
ROOMS,

Phila. St., New Oxford.

My stock of Furniture is very large and com-

plete, embracing all the various styles of

Chamber & Parlor Suits,

Bedsteads, Bureaus, Washstands, Lounges, Sofas,

Centre, Extension, Dining and Breakfast Tables,

Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, Cribs, Cradles, Mat-

trresses, Bed Springs, Etc. Also a large stock of

Sideboards, Bedsteads,

Corner and Kitchen Cupboards, Sinks, &c., of my

own manufacture. Call and be convinced that I

sell better goods for less money than any house

in the county. -PETER FEISER, a specialty in

all its various branches. Feb 29

PETER FEISER.

-GRAIN AND-

PRODUCE!

The undersigned, having leased the Brick

Warehouse on Hanover street, New Oxford

Pa., will buy and sell all kinds of Grain and

Country Produce, such as

Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats

Potatoes, Bran, Middlings,

Chop, &c., &c.;

also the best brands of

Roller & Country Flour,

AND COARSE AND FINE SALT.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their advan-

tage to give me a trial. A liberal share of pub-

lic patronage solicited. -FREE DELIVERY

anywhere in the borough. -Car leaves New

Oxford every Thursday noon for Baltimore.

Returning, leaves Hillen Station every Friday

at 4 o'clock, p. m. All orders left with me will

receive prompt attention. mar 7

Z. H. CASHMAN.

The State Vote.

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Rhode Island followed in the wake of Pennsylvania last Thursday, and by a vote of nearly three to one decided against prohibition. The difference between Rhode Island and Pennsylvania was simply this: Pennsylvania rejected prohibition on Tuesday without trying it at all, and Rhode Island rejected it two days later after a three-years' trial. Pennsylvania was satisfied that prohibition would not prohibit, and Rhode Island knew that it did not prohibit. Pennsylvania, profiting by the experience of Rhode Island and other New England States, expected prohibition to be a failure if adopted, and Rhode Island, by virtue of its three-years' experience, knew it to be a failure.

Judge Stowe, of Allegheny, astonished the grand jury selected for the present session of court in that county by notifying them that they were wholly under the jurisdiction of the Court, a fact which seems to have been lost sight of out there, as his remarks indicate. He further informed the members that they could not act as they pleased hereafter, and they were not possessed of inquisitorial powers entitling them to visit officially prisons, hospitals and other places of a public character. In fact, he gave grand jury junketings a very severe shaking up. Individual investigation by any member in his capacity as a private citizen was commended. Judge Stowe's interpretation of the laws governing grand juries may create surprise in other counties than Allegheny. The time-honored custom of closing a sitting with an official visit en masse to public institutions, with the accompaniment of a big dinner at one or more such places, has received a blow from Judge Stowe, while his further exposition of the rights and duties of grand jurymen will be news to a good many persons in official positions who have viewed the privileges of such bodies in a different light.

A WOMAN'S DISCOVERY.—"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at Dicks' drug store.

Since the water receded an island opposite Goldsboro, York county, has been made the abode of snakes. Several days ago the owner rowed across with a view of inspecting the lumber which had lodged thereon. As he approached the island it was discovered that it was the habitation of a horde of snakes that evidently had been carried there on the driftwood. The reptiles were of all sizes and species and were so numerous that for his safety he deemed it advisable not to go ashore.

HUSBAND, I WANT YOU TO TRY IT.—I suffered for years with a complaint the physicians called Gravel and they had given up the attempt to help me. My wife heard of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and spoke as above. To please her I got a bottle. Used that and two or three more, and presently the trouble vanished never to return.—W. Monroe, Catskill, N. Y.

George Burden, 73 years, arrived at Chatham, Me., last Thursday, from Albion, Mich. He walked all the way, with a wheelbarrow and his trunk, weighing 150 pounds. He was eight weeks on the road.

Fired On by Haytians.

The schooner Baltic, of Providence-town, Mass., Capt. Jos. Fisher, arrived there Friday from an Atlantic Ocean whaling voyage. Captain Fisher had a thrilling experience last May while at Sam Bay, Santa Domingo, where he put in for water. He visited the bay February 6 and was boarded by the officer of the port, a general, who came on board with soldiers and inspected the vessel. Captain Fisher said he was going whaling and the general gave him permission to get wood as long as he stayed in that vicinity.

On May 13 the schooner again visited the watering place. In the evening five soldiers, under command of an officer, came down and fired ten or fifteen shots at the schooner. They were armed with American rifles. When the first shot was fired Captain Fisher was aft with the officers, and all hands but the steward were on deck, but no one was injured. A complaint against the Haytian government will be sent to Secretary Blaine by Captain Fisher. The men who did the firing were Haytians.

Crime in Montana.

A Helena, Mon., special says: News was received here Friday of a most brutal crime committed in Fergus co., in what is known as "Judith county," about 150 miles north of Helena. The news was brought by the driver of a stage line running from Fort Benton to Livingston. He says that on Saturday last the body of a middle-aged woman, who had been shot in the back, was found by a cow-boy in a wild and unfrequented spot on the Judith river. On Tuesday the bodies of two men, a 16-year old girl and a 6-year old girl were discovered about one hundred yards above the same place. All were shot in the back except the child, who was strangled. Near by were found the remains of burned trunks and camp equipage. Everything by which the bodies might be identified was destroyed. Nobody in Judith county can recognize the bodies. They are supposed to have been a family of emigrants from Iowa or Illinois. The whole of Judith county is aroused and a hundred horsemen are scouring the plains, seeking the trail of the murderers.

Bull-Fighting in South Carolina.

Since cock-fighting has been suppressed in South Carolina, the sporting men have been endeavoring to create some suitable amusement to take its place. It seems that the lawmakers, never having contemplated such a thing as bull-fighting, made no provision for its prevention. Now comes an advertisement of a bull-fight to take place in Florence. Fifteen bulls from North Carolina and a like number from South Carolina will participate, and the side or State which wins the greatest number of fights is to receive a purse of \$500. July 24 and 25 are the days set for the fights.

A Narrow Escape.

Albert W. Bowman, of Cornwall, Lebanon county, made a narrow escape from a frightful death Friday. He was sawing wood with a circular saw, the wood being piled up against an apple tree in the rear of the saw. The gradual removal of the wood lessened the support of the tree and it fell upon Bowman bearing him down towards the rapidly whirling saw. He put out his hands and by almost superhuman strength held himself above the saw with the weight of the tree upon his back until in answer to his cries help came and the machinery stopped. Had it not been for his great strength and remarkable presence of mind his head would have been ripped in two.

More people, adults and children, are troubled with costiveness than with any other ailment. Dr. Henry Baxter's Man-Crake Bitters will cure costiveness and prevent the diseases which result from it.

For sale by J. W. Barnitz.

State Treasurer Isaac S. Bamberg, of South Carolina, dropped dead at his home, Friday, from heart disease.

Survival of the fittest. Down's Elixir has outlived every other cough remedy simply because it is the best.

For sale by J. W. Barnitz.

About the South Pennsylvania.

The Wall Street Daily News says: There will be time enough to talk about new railroads in Pennsylvania when the pick is taken up again on the South Pennsylvania. That road is sure to be built at an early day by some one. Its construction was opposed by the Pennsylvania railroad more on account of a sort of personal pride against the intrusion of another corporation into the state than because there was no room for the road. The line runs for many miles anywhere from ten to thirty miles away from any other road, and thro' one county in that great state which is yet without any railroad at all. A line further north would also open a large territory full of lumber and coal. There is no need whatever to worry about the unnecessary multiplication of roads in that state.

A Rival to the Gatling Gun.

The Maxim automatic guns, invented by Hiram Maxim, were tested at the naval proving ground at Annapolis, Md., Friday, before a board of officers composed of Commanders Maynard and Dayton and Lieutenant Kimball. The test was preliminary to later trials which will be necessary before the final report of the board is announced. One of the guns fired 750 shot in a minute and the other 350. Commodore Sicard and the brother of the inventor were among those present. The guns worked satisfactorily. The Maxim gun is used in Germany, Russia and France and is claimed to be superior to the Gatling gun in rapid firing.

Among the important Southern enterprises reported in last week's issue of the Baltimore Manufacturers' Record are enlargements to locomotive works at Richmond, Virginia, at a cost of \$750,000; a \$600,000 New England company to build a town in Georgia; a \$1,000,000 machine company in Louisville; \$100,000 fibre manufacturing co. in Texas; the sale of 8000 acres of coal land in West Virginia for \$70,000 cash, for early development.

A fatal accident occurred on the main line of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad nine miles from Frederick, Md., on Friday morning. A freight train was wrecked along the road and the debris scattered over the tracks. A wrecking train, in going to the rescue, struck Allen Miller, of Frederick county, tossing him high in the air and instantly killing him. He was 80 years old.

Recently a young man at Weyer's station, on the Shenandoah Valley railroad named Joseph Smith, met with a rather singular accident which cost him his life. While a passenger train was passing him at a high rate of speed he threw a stone against it which rebounded with great force against his head, killing him instantly.

The law forbidding the sale of cigarettes to boys is apparently as much of a failure in Pennsylvania as it has been in New York. No attempt has been made to enforce the law and the small boy obtains all the cigarettes he wants. Some other way must be devised of suppressing this vile nuisance.

Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler, aged 25 years, poured coal oil on her fire while preparing breakfast at her home in Baltimore. The can exploded, and Mrs. Tyler and her 3 months-old boy were so badly burned that they died in a short time.

LOOK TO YOUR HEART.—Mrs. Chas. Greenwood, of Indianapolis, had what the doctors called, asthma, but she got little relief until she took Dr. Miles' New Cure, which soon made her long winded, stopped the pain in chest, swelling of ankles, cough, jaundice, etc. Sold at Dricks'.

In the United States there are 70,000 lawyers, about one lawyer to every 900 inhabitants. In France there is only one lawyer to over 6,000 people. In Germany the proportion is about the same as in France.

Every bottle of Arnica & Oil Liniment sold is warranted by the proprietors to give satisfaction of money will be refunded.

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George Burden, 73 years, arrived at Chatham, Me., last Thursday, from Albion, Mich. He walked all the way, with a wheelbarrow and his trunk, weighing 150 pounds. He was eight weeks on the road.

Fired On by Haytians.

The schooner Baltic, of Providence, Mass., Capt. Jos. Fisher, arrived there Friday from an Atlantic Ocean whaling voyage. Captain Fisher had a thrilling experience last May while at Sam Bay, Santa Domingo, where he put in for water. He visited the bay February 6 and was boarded by the officer of the port, a general, who came on board with soldiers and inspected the vessel. Captain Fisher said he was going whaling and the general gave him permission to get wood as long as he stayed in that vicinity.

On May 13 the schooner again visited the watering place. In the evening five soldiers, under command of an officer, came down and fired ten or fifteen shots at the schooner. They were armed with American rifles. When the first shot was fired Captain Fisher was aft with the officers, and all hands but the steward were on deck, but no one was injured. A complaint against the Haytian government will be sent to Secretary Blaine by Captain Fisher. The men who did the firing were Haytians.

Crime in Montana.

A Helena, Mon., special says: News was received here Friday of a most brutal crime committed in Fergus co., in what is known as "Judith county," about 150 miles north of Helena. The news was brought by the driver of a stage line running from Fort Benton to Livingston. He says that on Saturday last the body of a middle-aged woman, who had been shot in the back, was found by a cow-boy in a wild and unfrequented spot on the Judith river. On Tuesday the bodies of two men, a 16-year old girl and a 6-year old girl were discovered about one hundred yards above the same place. All were shot in the back except the child, who was strangled. Near by were found the remains of burned trunks and camp equipage. Everything by which the bodies might be identified was destroyed. Nobody in Judith county can recognize the bodies. They are supposed to have been a family of emigrants from Iowa or Illinois. The whole of Judith county is aroused and a hundred horsemen are scouring the plains, seeking the trail of the murderers.

Bull-Fighting in South Carolina.

Since cock fighting has been suppressed in South Carolina, the sporting men have been endeavoring to create some suitable amusement to take its place. It seems that the lawmakers, never having contemplated such a thing as bull-fighting, made no provision for its prevention. Now comes an advertisement of a bull-fight to take place in Florence. Fifteen bulls from North Carolina and a like number from South Carolina will participate, and the side or State which wins the greatest number of fights is to receive a purse of \$500. July 24 and 25 are the days set for the fights.

A Narrow Escape.

Albert W. Bowman, of Cornwall, Lebanon county, made a narrow escape from a frightful death Friday. He was sawing wood with a circular saw, the wood being piled up against an apple tree in the rear of the saw. The gradual removal of the wood lessened the support of the tree and it fell upon Bowman bearing him down towards the rapidly whirling saw. He put out his hands and by almost superhuman strength held himself above the saw with the weight of the tree upon his back until in answer to his cries help came and the machinery stopped. Had it not been for his great strength and remarkable presence of mind his head would have been ripped in two.

More people, adults and children, are troubled with costiveness than with any other ailment. Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will cure costiveness and prevent the diseases which result from it.

For sale by J. W. Barnitz.

State Treasurer Isaac S. Bamberg, of South Carolina, dropped dead at his home, Friday, from heart disease.

Survival of the fittest. Downs' Elixir has outlived every other cough remedy simply because it is the best.
For sale by J. W. Barnitz.

About the South Pennsylvania.

The Wall Street Daily News says: There will be time enough to talk about new railroads in Pennsylvania when the pick is taken up again on the South Pennsylvania. That road is sure to be built at an early day by some one. Its construction was opposed by the Pennsylvania railroad more on account of a sort of personal pride against the intrusion of another corporation into the state than because there was no room for the road. The line runs for many miles anywhere from ten to thirty miles away from any other road, and through one county in that great state which is yet without any railroad at all. A line further north would also open a large territory full of lumber and coal. There is no need whatever to worry about the unnecessary multiplication of roads in that state.

A Rival to the Gatling Gun.

The Maxim automatic guns, invented by Hiram Maxim, were tested at the naval proving ground at Annapolis, Md., Friday, before a board of officers composed of Commanders Maynard and Dayton and Lieutenant Kimball. The test was preliminary to later trials which will be necessary before the final report of the board is announced. One of the guns fired 750 shot in a minute and the other 350. Commodore Sicard and the brother of the inventor were among those present. The guns worked satisfactorily. The Maxim gun is used in Germany, Russia and France and is claimed to be superior to the Gatling gun in rapid firing.

Among the important Southern enterprises reported in last week's issue of the Baltimore Manufacturers' Record are enlargements to locomotive works at Richmond, Virginia, at a cost of \$750,000; a \$600,000 New England company to build a town in Georgia; a \$1,000,000 machine company in Louisville; \$100,000 fibre manufacturing co. in Texas; the sale of 8000 acres of coal land in West Virginia for \$70,000 cash, for early development.

A fatal accident occurred on the main line of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad nine miles from Frederick, Md., on Friday morning. A freight train was wrecked along the road and the debris scattered over the tracks. A wrecking train, in going to the rescue, struck Allen Miller, of Frederick county, tossing him high in the air and instantly killing him. He was 80 years old.

Recently a young man at Weyer's station, on the Shenandoah Valley railroad named Joseph Smith, met with a rather singular accident which cost him his life. While a passenger train was passing him at a high rate of speed he threw a stone against it which rebounded with great force against his head, killing him instantly.

The law forbidding the sale of cigarettes to boys is apparently as much of a failure in Pennsylvania as it has been in New York. No attempt has been made to enforce the law and the small boy obtains all the cigarettes he wants. Some other way must be devised of suppressing this vile nuisance.

Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler, aged 25 years, poured coal oil on her fire while preparing breakfast at her home in Baltimore. The can exploded, and Mrs. Tyler and her 8 months-old boy were so badly burned that they died in a short time.

LOOK TO YOUR HEART.—Mrs. Chas. Greenwood, of Indianapolis, had what the doctors called, asthma, but she got little relief until she took Dr. Miles' New Cure, which soon made her long-winded, stopped the pain in chest, swelling of ankles, cough, palpitation, etc. Sold at Dricks'.

In the United States there are 700,000 lawyers, about one lawyer to every 900 inhabitants. In France there is only one lawyer to over 6,000 people. In Germany the proportion is about the same as in France.

Every bottle of America & Oil Liniment sold is warranted by the proprietors to give satisfaction of money will be refunded.
For sale by J. W. Barnitz.

Three times as much coal as ever before was imported into St. Petersburg last year, and a Russian Government commission is investigating the Russian mines to find out what ails them.

It is always pleasant, observes the *Trois Free Press*, to see things done in a business-like way. A Philadelphia lawyer collected a claim of \$1500 for a client, made a charge of \$400 for his services and then embezzled the remainder. An ordinary man of dishonest inclinations would have stolen the \$1500 outright.

The Shah of Persia is, it is reported, looking forward with much eagerness to his advent in England. His desire is not so much to undergo the boredom of festivals, balls and dinners, of which he had enough to satisfy any reasonable Shah when he visited Queen Victoria some years ago, as it is to witness some first-class English horse races. He was expected to reach London in time to attend the Ascot races.

The latest Government returns show that the public debt of the Canadian Dominion is now \$286,575,955, of which \$188,713,935 is payable in England. The interest upon the enormous debt has to be sent across the Atlantic every year and is a serious drain upon the country's monetary resources. Yet the legislation of the last session of the Federal Parliament pledged the country to the expenditure of over \$57,000,000, and next year's revenue will not exceed \$36,000,000, thus leaving \$21,000,000 to be borrowed. The annual interest upon the Dominion debt is now about \$13,000,000. The total revenue from customs and excise twenty years ago was only \$11,112,573.

When the history of the Panama Canal Company is written it will include many stories of extravagance such as one must go back to the time of Rome in its decadence to parallel. One of the most characteristic instances of wastefulness was furnished by the General Superintendent at Panama. He spent \$300,000 on a fine house and nearly as much in opening up fine roads so that his wife might take horseback rides. She died in about two years, and to signalize his grief over her loss he had all the thoroughbred horses shot which she had used in riding and driving. This imitation of the great Alexander didn't cost the mourner anything, however, as the horses all belonged to the company, and their loss was charged to the inexorable climate.

The present forces of enlisted men in the United States Navy aggregates \$500 men. It is the opinion of Commodore Schley that a force of 15,000 men, or nearly 7000 additional, will be required to equip the vessels already authorized by Congress. It is more than likely that an effort will be made to secure some sort of provision for these enlisted men in the Navy, so that the Government can command the very best type of manhood for its sailors. The officers are already provided for by the retired list. The last Congress arranged the saving-bank system, so that the money which was retained from the sailors until they were finally paid off could be deposited with the paymaster, and would draw four per cent. interest. This money is nonforfeitable for any cause except desertion. Other steps in behalf of the men are in consideration.

W. O. Atwater, in charge of the work at experiment stations established by the Agricultural Department, assisted by A. W. Harris and A. C. True of his division, is preparing a bulletin, which will be published this year, giving a history of the department and a sketch of the progress of education in agricultural colleges and schools. Under this latter head the subject of agricultural instruction is discussed at length. It is acknowledged that the purpose for which agricultural colleges were established in the several States, and to which the Government contributed by liberal grants of land and money, has not been realized. The colleges do not educate men for the farms, but for professions, and the tendency of their teachings has been to draw young men from their farms instead of fitting them for work on them. The curriculum in most cases is too extensive for the average farmer's son to undertake, and in most cases also the expenses are too great for the average farmer's son to meet. The consequence is that the class for whom the colleges were assigned have received absolutely no benefit from their existence.

One-third of all the zinc made in Europe is manufactured in Belgium.

Oh! well I remember the clustering faces
That in wonderment peered through the
shoemaker's door
When, to sound of his whistle and tap of his
hammer,
He often regaled us with bits of his lore;
As often he'd say, with a nod that was
knowing,
And a smile that was bright as the sweet
summer day:
"I tell you what, lads, there's nothing
worth having
But what you must get it by pegging away."
"You may run the swift race and be
counted the victor,
And yet you but get there a step at a time;
And up the steep ladder where Fame keeps
her laurels,
If you want to get one you must certainly
climb.
The world, it is only a broad piece of leather,
We must shape it ourselves to our last as
we may;
And we only can do it, my lads, as I tell
you,
By pressing and moulding and pegging
away."

Oh! the years have been long, and the shoe-
maker's vanished;
Adown the dark road we must journey
alone;
But I often think of the wisdom hid under
His whimsical jest and his fatherly tone.
And often I've proved the truth of his say-
ing,
As misfortune and I together still stray,
That all the best gifts the world has to offer
It only gives those who keep pegging away.
—The Advance.

A DETECTIVE'S LUCK.

If I had the selection of a corps of de-
tectives I should pick out men who are
known as lucky. Certain men are thus
characterized, and the term properly be-
longs to them. Certain men are unlucky,
and the term also properly belongs to them.
I have worked alongside officers who were
as sharp and keen as men ever became,
who were persevering and tireless, who
had the pluck of a warrior and the re-
liance of a slave, and yet they were
"down on their luck," as the saying
goes; that is, the big things passed them
by and fell into the hands of others. In
detective work one must have courage
and judgment. He must know human
nature pretty well. He must be fairly
shrewd and sharp. If he is working a
blind trail the rest must be left to luck.

And the luck and ill-luck of detective
life is something wonderful. The luck
we hear of every day. The ill-luck is
suppressed as much as possible. In the
month of June, 1867, I was spending a
few days with relatives of mine on a farm
near Oberlin, Ohio. I had been in de-
tective business about five years. We got
no newspapers at the farm, and I had not
received a letter for ten days, and had not
heard the least bit of news from the out-
side world, when uncle and I drove into
the town one day. On the way in I got
out of the wagon and picked up a copy of
a Cleveland paper which was lying on the
highway. The first thing I saw was an
account of a murder at Peru, Indiana,
several days before. An old man had
been murdered and robbed of a large
amount of money. Not the slightest clue
of the murderer had been discovered. No
one could say whether he was old or
young, white or black, or which way he
he had gone. It seemed a hopeless case,
and I felt a bit sorry for the two Chicago
officers who had been sent for to work
the case out.

The first call I made after reaching
Oberlin was at the Postoffice. I then
visited a barber shop, but the two chairs
were occupied, and I had to wait about
ten minutes. Having nothing to occupy
my mind, I looked the two barbers over
in detail, and then turned my attention
to the customer in the nearest chair. I
began at his feet first. He wore No. 8
gaiters, and they were a new pair; in-
deed, they had never been blackened.
His trousers were frayed about the bot-
tom, and, as I came to look closer, I saw
that they were old and threadbare. On
the left leg, which was nearest me, be-
tween the knee and the ankle, were several
stains. They might have been made by
either blood or acid. When the man sat
up straight after his shave I saw that his
coat was also old, and I looked over to his
hat on the hook to find it very rusty. The
barbers were not speaking to either of the
men, so that both must be strangers in
the town. My man had reddish hair,
which he had had clipped close before I
came in. His neck was sunburned and
dirty, and, after looking him over from
toe to crown, I said to myself:

"This chap has all the looks of a pro-
fessional tramp. That suit was probably
given him, but ten to one he stole those
gaiters. Wonder if he can scrape up
enough to pay the barber."

The bill was thirty-five cents. The
man gave me a furtive look as he got out
of the chair, and while being brushed he
felt in his pockets for change. He had
two ten-cent shipplasters, but as these
were not enough he half turned from me
and fished a greenback out of his pocket.
The barber had to go out to change it,
and the man was so impatient and ner-
vous that he could not stand still. When
the barber returned he had the change for
a twenty-dollar note. He began to count
it out, but the stranger muttered his con-
fidence that it was all right, and reached
out for the pile and crammed it into his
vest pocket. He was about to go, when
I rose up and said:

"My friend, I want to have a few
words with you, if you are not in a big
hurry."

"But I am," he replied, trying to push
past me without looking me in the face.
"But you'll have to wait just the same.
I want to know who you are."
"There was a back door to the shop.
He wheeled and sprang for it, but it was
locked. As he turned on me again he
pulled a revolver from his bosom and
levelled it on me, and fired a shot which
went over my head and through the win-
dow. Before he could fire again I had
him jammed against the wall, one hand
hold of the weapon and the other on his
throat, and I choked him until he sank
down in a heap. Who did he turn out
to be? The Indiana murderer who had
been dodging about the country for six
days, and who had run the gauntlet of a
hundred officers. It was blood on his
trousers, though we did not have to
prove it, as he made a full confession. It
was simply my good luck. It was simply
the ill luck of two Cleveland detectives
who reached Oberlin two hours too late.

About fifteen years ago, while con-
nected with the force in Chicago, a
jewelry house on State street was robbed
of \$12,000 worth of jewelry. Aside
from this there was a package of Govern-
ment bonds amounting to over \$17,000,
which had been deposited in the safe for
security. The robbery was committed
by professional cracksmen, who left their
tools behind but no clue. I was at this
time at Bowling Green, Kentucky, after a
counterfeiter, and I read an account of
the robbery in a Louisville paper. It
wasn't my job, and I didn't give it any
particular thought. I had traced a no-
torious counterfeiter down into Ken-
tucky and located him at Bowling Green.
At least, I traced him to that town, but
there I lost the trail for a few days. I
got a false clue, which led me down to
Franklin, and when I started to return I
took an accommodation train. It was at
night, and there was but one coach on
the train, and that contained only five
passengers besides myself. Three of these
were natives, sure enough, while the
other two talked about a coal mine in
Tennessee, and seemed to own land in
that State. I gave them little attention,
being three seats in the rear, and was
talking with the conductor on general
matters, when the two men suddenly be-
came interested in something one of them
held in his hand. Their heads were to-
gether, and they were evidently deeply
interested, when the report of a pistol
was heard, followed by a cry of agony
and a yell of alarm. The object of their
curiosity was a derringer, and it had ac-
cidentally been discharged, the bullet
entering the leg of one of the men just
above the knee. In his pain and fright
the wounded man sprang up, and turned
fiercely on the other, with the exclamation:

"Curse you, but you did that on pur-
pose! You wanted all the swag to your-
self."

The conductor and I were beside them
in a minute. The wounded man fell
back on the seat, and he evidently re-
gretted the break he had made a few se-
conds before, for he said, as we came up:

"Tom, old fellow, I had my own finger
on the trigger, and pulled it off. You are
not a bit to blame."

"But what about the 'swag'? I de-
manded, as I stood over them.
"He meant our coal mine," replied the
one called Tom.

"Yes; we are partners in a coal mine,"
added the wounded man.

"Oh! that's it? Well, let's see what
can be done for you."

It was a bad wound—so bad that I
knew his leg would have to come off, as
the big bullet had shattered the bone,
and I suggested to the conductor that he
make as fast time as he dared to Bowling
Green, where medical attendance could
be had. To my surprise the men asked
to be put off at some highway crossing,
near a farm house, saying that a country
doctor could manage the case well
enough, and that the quietness of the
country would be the best for the patient.
This satisfied me that they were suspi-
cious characters, and I assumed the author-
ity to remove the one and handcuff him
to a seat at the rear of the coach, and to
search both. The one had a revolver and
the other the derringer, and before I was
through searching I brought to light all
the stolen bonds and jewelry. It was
sheer luck again. Four of our men were
out on their trail, but on false scents.
They were supposed to have gone East,
while I picked them up in the South.
The fellow who was shot not only lost his
leg but his life. The other was returned
to Chicago, and he received a long sen-
tence for his crime. There was a great
deal of newspaper talk about my shrewd-
ness, but I didn't deserve a word of
praise. The case simply came to me.
The ripe fruit dropped into my hands.
Things fall that way to a lucky man, no
matter what business he is engaged in.

One of the bits of luck which fell to
me several years ago, and which was much
talked about at the time, came about in
a very singular way. I had been sent
down to Augusta, Arkansas, to identify a
man who had been arrested there, and was
supposed to be a robber wanted in Chi-
cago. He did not prove to be the man
we hoped he was, and I was making ready
to return when a resident of the town,
who was an old acquaintance of mine, put
forward a speculation. He had just pur-
chased a saw mill a few miles down White
River, and he believed there was big
money to be made in buying a large tract
of timber contiguous to the mill. This
tract was for sale at a very low figure, but
my friend could not raise the cash. The
result of our talk was that we took a boat
next morning and were left at the mill
landing. While he was overseeing some
change of machinery I started out to get

some idea of the value of the timber. The
first thing I knew I was lost in the forest,
and I did just what all other people do
under the circumstances—headed the
wrong way. Instead of going toward the
river, I went away from it. It was in
July, and although the mosquitoes nearly
devoured me, there was no danger of suf-
fering from the inclemency of the weather.
It was about 10 o'clock in the morning
when I started out, and by mid-afternoon
I had walked at least ten miles, and knew
that I was entirely bewildered. I couldn't
keep a straight course for the creeks and
swamps, and the day was so cloudy and
the forest so dense that there was no
sighting the sun to guide me. It was
just 5 o'clock in the afternoon when I
reached a good-sized stream, and the first
thing I saw was an old house boat tied to
the bank. There was smoke coming out
of a stovepipe thrust through the roof,
and I congratulated myself that I had
reached shelter and something to eat.
There was a plank reaching from boat to
shore, and I ascended it and entered the
cabin unannounced. A white man and a
negro were seated in the rear room, and
a fire had just been kindled in the cook
stove. There was a door at the other side
of the boat. It stood wide open, and the
instant the men caught sight of me both
sprang for the door. In the rush they
bumped into each other and both rolled
to the floor. The white man was the
quicker of the two, and while I stood
looking and wondering he scrambled up
and flung himself into the water and
swam to the opposite shore.

"Don't shoot! For de Lawd's sake
don't kill me!" yelled the negro, as he
rolled over and over on the floor.
"What does this mean?" I demanded.
"It means dat I surrenders," he re-
plied.

"Very well. Now sit up and tell me
who you are and what you are doing
here."

"I had to come along, boss. I didn't
want to, but dey said dey would dur
kill me."

"Who owns this boat?"
"Why, dat Harding gang, in co'se."
"And what are you doing here?"
"Dun hidin' out, I spose."

I was so stupid that I did not realize
what luck had come to me until the negro
gave it away. Then I secured him again,
escape and searched the boat, and in that
old hulk I found over \$6000 worth of dry
goods, clothing, boots and shoes, jewelry,
hardware and other stuff, the proceeds of
a dozen big robberies along the river.
There was a gang of four men engaged in
the work, and the negro was their cook.
The boat was hidden away in a branch of
the White River to wait for a rise of water
to get down the Mississippi, and three of
the gang were off that day to spot a
country store some seven miles distant.

The negro and I stood guard all night,
for I soon found that I could trust him,
but if the fellows returned to the neighbor-
hood we did not see them. Next day we
got the boat down to the mill, which was
hardly four miles away, and from thence
she was taken to Clarendon and the goods
returned to their owners, as far as possible.
The robbers were all identified by name
and person by the negro, and within a
few weeks were either captured and sent
to prison or run into the swamp and shot
down.—New York Sun.

Signals Among Primitive Races.

R. Andree has lately been collecting in-
formation as to the use of signals by pri-
mitive peoples, and the facts he has brought
together are summarized in *Science*. It
appears that American Indians use rising
smoke to give signals to distant friends.
A small fire is started, and as soon as it
burns fairly well grass and leaves are
heaped on the top of it. Thus a large
column of steam and smoke arises. By
covering the fire with a blanket the In-
dians interrupt the rising of the smoke at
regular intervals, and the successive clouds
are used for conveying messages.

Recently attention has been called to
the elaborate system of drum signals used
by the Cameroon negroes, by means of
which long messages are sent from vil-
lage to village. Explorations in the Congo
basin have shown that this system prevails
throughout Central Africa. The Bakuba
use large wooden drums, on which differ-
ent tones are produced by drumsticks.
Sometimes the natives "converse" in this
way for hours, and from the energy dis-
played by the drummers, and the rapidity
of the successive blows, it seemed that the
conversation was very animated.

The Galla, south of Abyssinia, have
drums stationed at certain points of the
roads leading to the neighboring States.
Special watchmen are appointed, who
have to beat the drum on the approach of
enemies. Ceochi, who observes this cus-
tom, designated it as a "system of tele-
graphs." The same use of drums is found
in New Guinea. From the rhythm and
rapidity of the blows the natives know at
once whether an attack, a death, or a
festival is announced. The same tribes
use columns of smoke or (at night) fires to
convey messages to distant friends. The
latter are also used in Australia. Columns
of smoke of different forms are used for
signals by the inhabitants of Cape York
and the neighboring island.

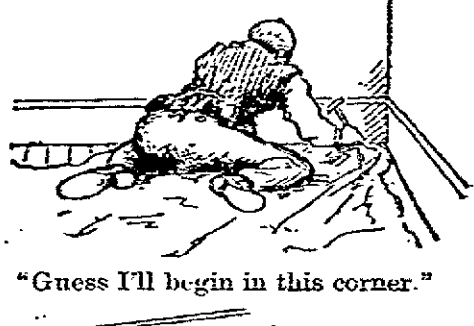
In Victoria hollow-trees are filled with
fresh leaves, which are lighted. The
signals thus made are understood by
friends. In eastern Australia the move-
ments of a traveler are made known by
columns of smoke, and so was the dis-
covery of a whale in Portland bay.

Bronson—"Why, I thought you knew
Sammis?" Harkins—"I do." Bronson—
"Well, you didn't how as we passed him
a moment ago." Harkins—"Because I
known him too well."—Harper's Bazar

DOMESTIC ECONOMY



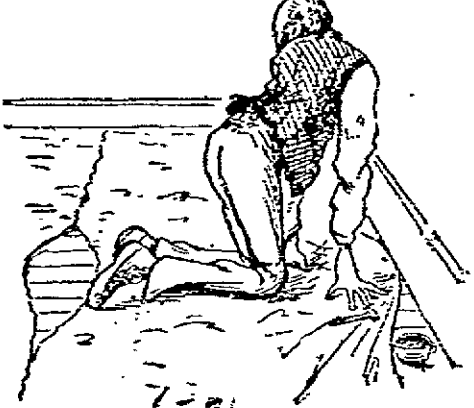
"Well, I guess I'll practice a little
domestic economy. To begin with, I'll
just save the price of laying this car-
pet; laying a carpet is no great trick."



"Guess I'll begin in this corner."



"O, you've got to come up!"



"The deuce!"



To better half: "My dear, don't you
think we'd better send for a carpet-
layer?"

Thimble in a Gizzard.

George Gooderl, the proprietor of a
meat market at Barnesville, Ohio, tells
this story of a thimble and chicken. Some-
time since his wife was engaged in
feeding the chickens, when a thimble
she wore on her finger at the time mys-
teriously disappeared. Quite a time
elapsed, when the other day Mrs. G.
requested her husband to behead a
chicken, which was done. In dissecting
the fowl the missing thimble was found
firmly imbedded in the chicken's gizzard,
the process of digestion having almost
worn the thimble smooth. The hole of
the thimble was found to be completely
plugged with indigested grain which
the hen with ostrich proclivities had
swallowed.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



"Alas! My Dream Is O'er."
—Texas Siftings.

Three times as much coal as ever before was imported into St. Petersburg last year, and a Russian Government commission is investigating the Russian mines to find out what ails them.

It is always pleasant, observes the *Trois Press*, to see things done in a business-like way. A Philadelphia lawyer collected a claim of \$1500 for a client, made a charge of \$400 for his services and then embezzled the remainder. An ordinary man of dishonest inclinations would have stolen the \$1500 outright.

The Shah of Persia is, it is reported, looking forward with much eagerness to his advent in England. His desire is not so much to undergo the boredom of festivals, balls and dinners, of which he had enough to satisfy any reasonable Shah when he visited Queen Victoria some years ago, as it is to witness some first-class English horse races. He was expected to reach London in time to attend the Ascot races.

The latest Government returns show that the public debt of the Canadian Dominion is now \$286,575,955, of which \$188,713,935 is payable in England. The interest upon the enormous debt has to be sent across the Atlantic every year and is a serious drain upon the country's monetary resources. Yet the legislation of the last session of the Federal Parliament pledged the country to the expenditure of over \$57,000,000, and next year's revenue will not exceed \$36,000,000, thus leaving \$21,000,000 to be borrowed. The annual interest upon the Dominion debt is now about \$13,000,000. The total revenue from customs and excise twenty years ago was only \$11,112,573.

When the history of the Panama Canal Company is written it will include many stories of extravagance such as one must go back to the time of Rome in its decadence to parallel. One of the most characteristic instances of wastefulness was furnished by the General Superintendent at Panama. He spent \$300,000 on a fine house and nearly as much in opening up fine roads so that his wife might take horseback rides. She died in about two years, and to signalize his grief over her loss he had all the thoroughbred horses shot which she had used in riding and driving. This imitation of the great Alexander didn't cost the mourner anything, however, as the horses all belonged to the company, and their loss was charged to the inexorable climate.

The present forces of enlisted men in the United States Navy aggregates 8500 men. It is the opinion of Commodore Schley that a force of 15,000 men, or nearly 7000 additional, will be required to equip the vessels already authorized by Congress. It is more than likely that an effort will be made to secure some sort of provision for these enlisted men in the Navy, so that the Government can command the very best type of manhood for its sailors. The officers are already provided for by the retired list. The last Congress arranged the saving-bank system, so that the money which was retained from the sailors until they were finally paid off could be deposited with the paymaster, and would draw four per cent. interest. This money is nonforfeitable for any cause except desertion. Other steps in behalf of the men are in consideration.

W. O. Atwater, in charge of the work at experiment stations established by the Agricultural Department, assisted by A. W. Harris and A. C. True of his division, is preparing a bulletin, which will be published this year, giving a history of the department and a sketch of the progress of education in agricultural colleges and schools. Under this latter head the subject of agricultural instruction is discussed at length. It is acknowledged that the purpose for which agricultural colleges were established in the several States, and to which the Government contributed by liberal grants of land and money, has not been realized. The colleges do not educate men for the farms, but for professions, and the tendency of their teachings has been to draw young men from their farms instead of fitting them for work on them. The curriculum in most cases is too extensive for the average farmer's son to undertake, and in most cases also the expenses are too great for the average farmer's son to meet. The consequence is that the class for whom the colleges were assigned have received absolutely no benefit from their existence.

One-third of all the zinc made in Europe is manufactured in Belgium.

PEGGING AWAY.

Oh! well I remember the clustering faces
That in wonderment peered through the
shoemaker's door
When, to sound of his whistle and tap of his
hammer,
He often regaled us with bits of his lore;
As often he'd say, with a nod that was
knowing,
And a smile that was bright as the sweet
summer day:
"I tell you what, lads, there's nothing
worth having
But what you must get it by pegging away."
"You may run the swift race and be
counted the victor,
And yet you but get there a step at a time;
And up the steep ladder where Fame keeps
her laurels,
If you want to get one you must certainly
climb.
The world, it is only a broad piece of leather,
We must shape it ourselves to our last as
we may;
And we only can do it, my lads, as I tell
you,
By pressing and moulding and pegging
away."
Oh! the years have been long, and the shoe-
maker's vanished;
Adown the dark road we must journey
alone;
But I often think of the wisdom hid under
His whimsical jest and his fatherly tone.
And often I've proved the truth of his say-
ing,
As misfortune and I together still stray,
That all the best gifts the world has to offer
It only gives those who keep pegging away.
—The Advance.

A DETECTIVE'S LUCK.

If I had the selection of a corps of detectives I should pick out men who are known as lucky. Certain men are thus characterized, and the term properly belongs to them. Certain men are unlucky, and the term also properly belongs to them. I have worked alongside officers who were as sharp and keen as men ever became, who were persevering and tireless, who had the pluck of a warrior and the reliance of a slave, and yet they were "down on their luck," as the saying goes; that is, the big things passed them by and fell into the hands of others. In detective work one must have courage and judgment. He must know human nature pretty well. He must be fairly shrewd and sharp. If he is working a blind trail the rest must be left to luck.

And the luck and ill-luck of detective life is something wonderful. The luck we hear of every day. The ill-luck is suppressed as much as possible. In the month of June, 1867, I was spending a few days with relatives of mine on a farm near Oberlin, Ohio. I had been in detective business about five years. We got no newspapers at the farm, and I had not received a letter for ten days, and had not heard the least bit of news from the outside world, when uncle and I drove into the town one day. On the way in I got out of the wagon and picked up a copy of a Cleveland paper which was lying on the highway. The first thing I saw was an account of a murder at Peru, Indiana, several days before. An old man had been murdered and robbed of a large amount of money. Not the slightest clue of the murderer had been discovered. No one could say whether he was old or young, white or black, or which way he had gone. It seemed a hopeless case, and I felt a bit sorry for the two Chicago officers who had been sent for to work the case out.

The first call I made after reaching Oberlin was at the Postoffice. I then visited a barber shop, but the two chairs were occupied, and I had to wait about ten minutes. Having nothing to occupy my mind, I looked the two barbers over in detail, and then turned my attention to the customer in the nearest chair. I began at his feet first. He wore No. 8 gaiters, and they were a new pair; indeed, they had never been blackened. His trousers were frayed about the bottom, and, as I came to look closer, I saw that they were old and threadbare. On the left leg, which was nearest me, between the knee and the ankle, were several stains. They might have been made by either blood or acid. When the man sat up straight after his shave I saw that his coat was also old, and I looked over to his hat on the hook to find it very rusty. The barbers were not speaking to either of the men, so that both must be strangers in the town. My man had reddish hair, which he had clipped close before I came in. His neck was sunburned and dirty, and, after looking him over from toe to crown, I said to myself:

"This chap has all the looks of a professional tramp. That suit was probably given him, but ten to one he stole those gaiters. Wonder if he can scrape up enough to pay the barber."

The bill was thirty-five cents. The man gave me a furtive look as he got out of the chair, and while being brushed he felt in his pockets for change. He had two ten-cent shipplasters, but as these were not enough he half turned from me and fished a greenback out of his pocket. The barber had to go out to change it, and the man was so impatient and nervous that he could not stand still. When the barber returned he had the change for a twenty-dollar note. He began to count it out, but the stranger muttered his confidence that it was all right, and reached out for the pile and crammed it into his vest pocket. He was about to go, when I rose up and said:

"My friend, I want to have a few words with you, if you are not in a big hurry."

"But I am!" he replied, trying to push past me without looking me in the face. "But you'll have to wait just the same. I want to know who you are."
"There was a back door to the shop. He wheeled and sprang for it, but it was locked. As he turned on me again he pulled a revolver from his bosom and leveled it on me, and fired a shot which went over my head and through the window. Before he could fire again I had him jammed against the wall, one hand hold of the weapon and the other on his throat, and I choked him until he sank down in a heap. Who did he turn out to be? The Indiana murderer who had been dodging about the country for six days, and who had run the gauntlet of a hundred officers. It was blood on his trousers, though we did not have to prove it, as he made a full confession. It was simply my good luck. It was simply the ill luck of two Cleveland detectives who reached Oberlin two hours too late.

About fifteen years ago, while connected with the force in Chicago, a jewelry house on State street was robbed of \$12,000 worth of jewelry. Aside from this there was a package of Government bonds amounting to over \$17,000, which had been deposited in the safe for security. The robbery was committed by professional cracksmen, who left their tools behind but no clue. I was at this time at Bowling Green, Kentucky, after a counterfeiter, and I read an account of the robbery in a Louisville paper. It wasn't my job, and I didn't give it any particular thought. I had traced a notorious counterfeiter down into Kentucky and located him at Bowling Green. At least, I traced him to that town, but there I lost the trail for a few days. I got a false clue, which led me down to Franklin, and when I started to return I took an accommodation train. It was at night, and there was but one coach on the train, and that contained only five passengers besides myself. Three of these were natives, sure enough, while the other two talked about a coal mine in Tennessee, and seemed to own land in that State. I gave them little attention, being three seats in the rear, and was talking with the conductor on general matters, when the two men suddenly became interested in something one of them held in his hand. Their heads were together, and they were evidently deeply interested, when the report of a pistol was heard, followed by a cry of agony and a yell of alarm. The object of their curiosity was a deringer, and it had accidentally been discharged, the bullet entering the leg of one of the men just above the knee. In his pain and fright the wounded man sprang up, and turned fiercely on the other, with the exclamation:

"Curse you, but you did that on purpose! You wanted all the swag to yourself."

The conductor and I were beside them in a minute. The wounded man fell back on the seat, and he evidently regretted the break he had made a few seconds before, for he said, as we came up: "Tom, old fellow, I had my own finger on the trigger, and pulled it off. You are not a bit to blame."

"But what about the 'swag'?" I demanded, as I stood over them.

"He meant our coal mine," replied the one called Tom.

"Yes; we are partners in a coal mine," added the wounded man.

"Oh! that's it? Well, let's see what can be done for you."

It was a bad wound—so bad that I knew his leg would have to come off, as the big bullet had shattered the bone, and I suggested to the conductor that he make as fast time as he dared to Bowling Green, where medical attendance could be had. To my surprise the men asked to be put off at some highway crossing, near a farm house, saying that a country doctor could manage the case well enough, and that the quietness of the country would be the best for the patient. This satisfied me that they were suspicious characters, and I assumed the authority to remove the one and handcuff him to a seat at the rear of the coach, and to search both. The one had a revolver and the other the deringer, and before I was through searching I brought to light all the stolen bonds and jewelry. It was sheer luck again. Four of our men were out on their trail, but on false scent. They were supposed to have gone East, while I picked them up in the South. The fellow who was shot not only lost his leg but his life. The other was returned to Chicago, and he received a long sentence for his crime. There was a great deal of newspaper talk about my shrewdness, but I didn't deserve a word of praise. The case simply came to me. The ripe fruit dropped into my hands. Things fall that way to a lucky man, no matter what business he is engaged in.

One of the bits of luck which fell to me several years ago, and which was much talked about at the time, came about in a very singular way. I had been sent down to Augusta, Arkansas, to identify a man who had been arrested there, and was supposed to be a robber wanted in Chicago. He did not prove to be the man we hoped he was, and I was making ready to return when a resident of the town, who was an old acquaintance of mine, put forward a speculation. He had just purchased a saw mill a few miles down White River, and he believed there was big money to be made in buying a large tract of timber contiguous to the mill. This tract was for sale at a very low figure, but my friend could not raise the cash. The result of our talk was that we took a boat next morning and were left at the mill landing. While he was overseeing some change of machinery I started out to get

some idea of the value of the timber. The first thing I knew I was lost in the forest, and I did just what all other people do under the circumstances—headed the wrong way. Instead of going toward the river, I went away from it. It was in July, and although the mosquitoes nearly devoured me, there was no danger of suffering from the inclemency of the weather.

It was about 10 o'clock in the morning when I started out, and by mid-afternoon I had walked at least ten miles, and knew that I was entirely bewildered. I couldn't keep a straight course for the creeks and swamps, and the day was so cloudy and the forest so dense that there was no sighting the sun to guide me. It was just 5 o'clock in the afternoon when I reached a good-sized stream, and the first thing I saw was an old house boat tied to the bank. There was smoke coming out of a stovepipe thrust through the roof, and I congratulated myself that I had reached shelter and something to eat. There was a plank reaching from boat to shore, and I ascended it and entered the cabin unannounced. A white man and a negro were seated in the rude room, and a fire had just been kindled in the cook stove. There was a door at the other side of the boat. It stood wide open, and the instant the men caught sight of me both sprang for the door. In the rush they bumped into each other and both rolled to the floor. The white man was the quicker of the two, and while I stood looking and wondering he scrambled up and flung himself into the water and swam to the opposite shore.

"Don't shoot! For de Lord's sake don't kill me!" yelled the negro, as he rolled over and over on the floor.

"What does this mean?" I demanded.

"It means dat I surrenders!" he replied.

"Very well. Now sit up and tell me who you are and what you are doing here."

"I had to come along, boss. I didn't want to, but dey said dey would dur kill me."

"Who owns this boat?"

"Why, dat Harding gang, in co'se."

"And what are you doing here?"

"Dun hidin' out, I spose."

I was so stupid that I did not realize what luck had come to me until the negro gave it away. Then I secured him against escape and searched the boat, and in that old hulk I found over \$6000 worth of dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, jewelry, hardware and other stuff, the proceeds of a dozen big robberies along the river. There was a gang of four men engaged in the work, and the negro was their cook. The boat was hidden away in a branch of the White River to wait for a rise of water to get down the Mississippi, and three of the gang were off that day to spot a country store some seven miles distant.

The negro and I stood guard all night, for I soon found that I could trust him, but if the fellows returned to the neighborhood we did not see them. Next day we got the boat down to the mill, which was hardly four miles away, and from thence she was taken to Clarendon and the goods returned to their owners, as far as possible. The robbers were all identified by name and person by the negro, and within a few weeks were either captured and sent to prison or run into the swamp and shot down.—*New York Sun*.

Signals Among Primitive Races.

R. Andree has lately been collecting information as to the use of signals by primitive peoples, and the facts he has brought together are summarized in *Science*. It appears that American Indians use rising smoke to give signals to distant friends. A small fire is started, and as soon as it burns fairly well grass and leaves are heaped on the top of it. Thus a large column of steam and smoke arises. By covering the fire with a blanket the Indians interrupt the rising of the smoke at regular intervals, and the successive clouds are used for conveying messages.

Recently attention has been called to the elaborate system of drum signals used by the Cameroon negroes, by means of which long messages are sent from village to village. Explorations in the Congo basin have shown that this system prevails throughout Central Africa. The Bakuba use large wooden drums, on which different tones are produced by drumsticks. Sometimes the natives "converse" in this way for hours, and from the energy displayed by the drummers, and the rapidity of the successive blows, it seemed that the conversation was very animated.

The Galla, south of Abyssinia, have drums stationed at certain points of the roads leading to the neighboring States. Special watchmen are appointed, who have to beat the drum on the approach of enemies. Ceochi, who observes this custom, designated it as a "system of telegraphs." The same use of drums is found in New Guinea. From the rhythm and rapidity of the blows the natives know at once whether an attack, a death, or a festival is announced. The same tribes use columns of smoke or (at night) fires to convey messages to distant friends. The latter are also used in Australia. Columns of smoke of different forms are used for signals by the inhabitants of Cape York and the neighboring island.

In Victoria hollow trees are filled with fresh leaves, which are lighted. The signals thus made are understood by friends. In eastern Australia the movements of a traveler are made known by columns of smoke, and so was the discovery of a whale in Portland bay.

Bronson—"Why, I thought you knew Sammis?" Harkins—"I do." Bronson—"Well, you didn't bow as we passed him a moment ago." Harkins—"Because I known him too well."—*Harper's Bazar*

DOMESTIC ECONOMY



"Well, I guess I'll practice a little domestic economy. To begin with, I'll just save the price of laying this carpet; laying a carpet is no great trick."



"Guess I'll begin in this corner."



"O, you've got to come up!"



"The deuce!"



To better half: "My dear, don't you think we'd better send for a carpet-layer?"

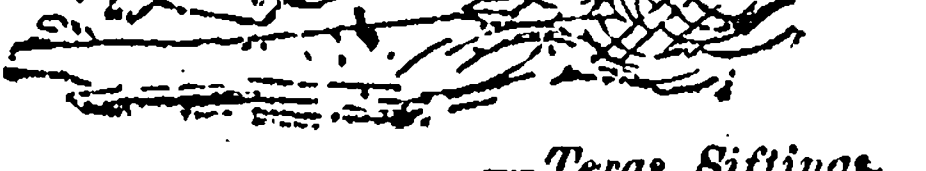


To better half: "My dear, don't you think we'd better send for a carpet-layer?"

Thimble in a Gizzard.
George Gooderl, the proprietor of a meat market at Barnesville, Ohio, tells this story of a thimble and chicken. Some time since his wife was engaged in feeding the chickens, when a thimble she wore on her finger at the time mysteriously disappeared. Quite a time elapsed, when the other day Mrs. G. requested her husband to behead a chicken, which was done. In dissecting the fowl the missing thimble was found firmly imbedded in the chicken's gizzard, the process of digestion having almost worn the thimble smooth. The hole of the thimble was found to be completely plugged with indigested grain which the hen with ostrich proclivities had swallowed.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.



"Alas! My Dream Is O'er."



—Texas Siftings.

VALUE OF HEN DROPPINGS.

The statement that the droppings of one hen per year are worth fifty cents is going its annual round. We have kept about one hundred hens on the average but find them credited with only five dollars on our book for manure, or five cents each. Ten cents is the very highest that we would be willing to allow for the annual manure crop from each hen.—*American Agriculturist*.

MICE AMONG THE CORN.

Mice make serious work among corn in the ear in cribs. They work around freely among the ears where cats cannot follow them. Rats kill off the mice, but are themselves worse than the vermin they destroy. The best security against vermin in corn houses is to set the building on posts capped with a tin pan so that mice cannot get around it. Then if not brought in they cannot effect an entrance. The corn house should be cleared of all rubbish, cobs and the like at least once a year.—*Courier-Journal*.

WATER FOR BEES.

Persons owning bees and not located near streams of water should furnish their fresh water daily, as it will save time which, to the bee, means honey, as it means money to a person. The way they frequent wells and cisterns shows that they prefer water fresh to stale, and they appear to enjoy sipping it from gravel and sand. I have used milk-crocks filled with gravel and sand, but, on the whole, prefer wooden kegs with cloth put in them, hanging over the sides, acting as syphons. The bees sip water from the sunny side of the kegs. The kegs should be washed out frequently, and one should be a little brackish, about a teaspoonful to a pail of water.—*Prairie Farmer*.

COTTON-SEED MEAL FOR COWS.

The agricultural department at Washington has been making an analysis of butter from cows fed on cotton seed meal, which produces unlooked-for results. The analysis showed remarkable points: 1. A low percentage of vegetable acids. 2. A phenomenally high melting point. 3. A strong persistence of the reducing agent. The first point is of importance as showing that mixing cotton seed with the feed of cows in the South will tend to raise the melting point of butter, thus rendering it more suitable for consumption in hot climates. Professor Wiley says: "From an analytic point of view the results are of great importance, since they show that butter derived from a cow fed on cotton seed meal might be condemned as adulterated when judged by the amount of volatile acids present. Since cotton seed meal is destined to be a cattle food of great importance, especially in the southern part of the United States, this is a fact of the greatest interest."—*Chicago Times*.

SMUT OF OATS.

The smut of oats—said by a Manchester, (Mich.) inquirer to be very badly injurious throughout—is caused by the fungus (*Ustilago segetum*) which feeds on the panicles, and develops a great quantity of dark brown spores. These are wafted about by wind, and if they fall upon other oat plants under the proper condition smut will again be produced. As a preventive, it is well to practise rotation, and never raise two oat crops in succession on the same land. The seed used should be plump, well filled and free from smutted kernels. It is a common practice in some sections to soak the seed for thirty-six hours in one pound of copper sulphate, dissolved in four gallons of water: this destroys any adhering spores, and will greatly lessen, and perhaps prevent, attack of the smut. A solution of one pound caustic potash in six gallons of water is thought to be as effectual, and it requires only half the time of soaking. On being taken out of the solution the seed should be rolled in ashes, lime or plaster. When once established on the plants no application can avail.—*New York Tribune*.

COVERING CORN.

When the ground is dry, corn requires a heavier and firmer covering. It is sometimes said that the later the planting the heavier and firmer should be the covering; but this is true only so far as it holds good that the later in the season the drier the ground. Sometimes the ground contains more moisture in May than in April; then the May covering should be the lighter and looser. Generally, however, toward the close of the planting season the ground has lost so much moisture that not only should the covering be heavy, but it may well be compacted by a stroke with the hoe or even by tramping upon it. If the planting is done with a two-horse planter, the runners properly set to go deeper and the firming action of the wheels is not disturbed. In fact, if the ground is unusually dry, it is advisable to go over the field with a heavy roller two days after the corn is planted. Germination has not yet reached the stage where the displacement of the arth by the roller will prove injurious to the corn, while this displacement will kill myriads of weeds that have just started near the surface. If used early enough, a roller is a good weed-destroyer. If, on the other hand, the ground is damp, as it is most likely to be early in the season, less covering is required, and the covering should not be compacted with the hoe or foot. If the planting is done with a two-horse planter, the narrower should follow close after, to

loosen the covering compacted by the wheels. The amount and density of the covering should also be modified by the character of the soil. A light, loose soil—therefore one that dries out rapidly—may well be compacted above the seed when a heavy, clayey soil should be kept loose; and the covering of the former should be heavier than of the latter. The general principle is that the covering should be sufficient to keep moisture about the seed, but not of a character to retain an excess of moisture or to shut out the warmth of the sun; and the shallowest covering that will secure the essential conditions of germination is the best.—*American Agriculturist*.

HORSES AT REST.

There are some curious facts about the disposition of horses to lie down, says the *Horse and Stable*. To a hard working horse repose is almost as great a necessity as good food, but tired as he may be, he is very often shy about lying down, even when a clean, nice bed of straw is provided for him. The writer once rode a mare seventy miles in a single day. The stable in which she was put for the night was as comfortable in every way as it could be made, yet she stood the whole night through. She ate her oats and hay and then went to sleep, leaning forward with her breast against the manger. There are horses that have never been seen to lie down, and if they have ever done so it was only for a short time, and at an hour when they were not likely to be seen. No marks have ever been discovered on their coats which would indicate that they had been lying down. A horse is recalled now that occupied for fifteen years, from the time he was two years old, the first stall in grandfather's stable. Up to the hour he died no one had ever seen him lying down, and several times after wearisome drives of eight or ten hours, a watch was placed on him to see if during the night he would lie down; but he was never caught in that position, and he could not be tempted to recline by the sweetest and cleanest of bedding. He died literally upon his feet. He was taken sick, and in giving him a draught from a long-necked bottle, with his head pulled up to a beam, he suddenly fell back and expired.

Unless a horse lies down regularly his rest cannot be complete, and his joints and sinews stiffen; and while it is true that some horses that sleep in a standing position continue to work for many years, it is equally true that they would continue to work for many years longer, and perform their work much better, if they rested naturally. Young horses from a country stable may refuse to lie down when put into a stable in town, and the habit may become confirmed unless inducements are offered. Horses can be taught to lie down, and they can also be taught to be as neat and cleanly in their habits as an individual.

It is a very rare thing for horses afflicted with a disease that superinduces fever to lie down; they will stand up until nature becomes completely exhausted and their limbs refuse to sustain them. They have an instinct which teaches them that if they lie down it may be difficult for them to get upon their feet again.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Silage is a partial substitute for green grass.

Silage may be made an efficient ally of or a good substitute for soiling crops.

It is no sign that a hen meditates evil to her owner simply because she lays for him.

Be sure and set out some fruit—a few berries at least—and how about the currants and grapes?

The first eggs from pullets should not be used for hatching if hen's eggs can be had conveniently.

Some who keep cattle up in summer say that silage is even more valuable in summer than in winter.

A lath fence is the first thing to plant for a farmer's garden. It will pay the best of any one crop he can put in.

The common school is the farmer's college, and the parents ought to visit the schools and be interested in their work.

The persimmon is naturally a slow grower, and although plenty of fertilizer is given, they seem to grow only just about so much.

Farmers are not putting business method enough into their work. They must make their brains do a little more and their hands a little less.

If you have any mongrel cocks or those from which you do not wish to breed, get rid of them at once. It is a needless expense to feed them.

An important advantage resulting from the use of ensilage all the year is, that manure made from it is available for use—not scattered at random over the farm.

A cow should never be idle more than six weeks at one time. She will last longer and earn more than a cow kept the usual way—milked seven months, half fed and idle five.

In selecting fertilizers remember that gypsum, or land plaster, is a cheap and valuable form of plant food. It is especially valuable for mixing with hen manure, ashes and compost.

Among the latest notable features of the poultry business is that of hatching ducks by incubator and fattening them for early market. It is claimed to be a very remunerative business.

Have no fear of feeding potatoes to cows giving milk, but be careful about feeding them a few weeks before time of calving, for they stimulate milk production and at that period may cause garget.

PRODUCTS OF PETROLEUM.

THE MANY STRANGE USES TO WHICH THIS OIL IS PUT.

Results of Distillation—Making Kerosene—An Insect Destroyer—Employment of Petroleum in Disease.

The petroleum that is the product of the various oil districts of this country is an oily liquid that assumes every shade from jet black to a nearly colorless fluid. Its odor is peculiar, disagreeable, persistent. As it comes from the wells it is generally, however, of a dark green hue by reflected light, and often iridescent.

In this condition, however, it is useless for commercial purposes, and has to be subjected to the processes of refining. In ordinary processes the distillate is divided into three general portions. The first consists of the lightest and most volatile oils, which are colorless, some of them being as volatile as ether. These oils are known under the general name of naphtha, but, like the crude petroleum, this crude naphtha may be also distilled and divided into gasoline, and different grades of naphtha which are used in gas machines, for mixing paints and other similar purposes, and sometimes also for burning in street lamps and stoves. The middle portion of the distillate is the crude illuminating oil or kerosene. As it runs from the still it has an exceedingly offensive odor, due to decompositions of certain portions of the petroleum at the high temperature reached in the still. To remove these offensive compounds the oil is first treated with about five per cent. of strong oil of vitriol. This combines with the bad-smelling oils, forming a black, tarry residue that falls to the bottom of the tank as soon as the oil is brought to rest. After the acid compound is drawn off and the oil washed with water it is again washed with a strong solution of caustic soda, which removes the excess of sulphuric acid, and then there is still another washing with water to remove any of the caustic soda that may remain in the oil. The oil is now nearly colorless, with the peculiar balsamic odor of kerosene and the slightly opalescent color which is seen in this class of oils.

But while these are the general products of petroleum there are countless others that have been evolved by closer chemical treatment. A few of these alone can be mentioned. One of the by-products of the volatile portions of petroleum is rhigolene. This, like ether, has been employed successfully in surgery for producing local anesthesia by the actual freeing of the part operated on by the knife. It is chiefly employed in the opening of small abscesses and the extirpation of tumors. It has also been employed in the artificial production of ice, in place of ether or ammonia, in the freezing machines.

Another product is benzine, which, when deodorized, is employed for detergent purposes, for the extraction of grease from all kinds of fabrics and for other uses when the disagreeable odor of crude benzine is not objectionable.

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The popular chewing gum is composed largely of the petroleum wax called paraffine, and is destitute of deleterious effects.

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A successful photograph was taken the other day by the light of a Cuban firefly.

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Living bacteria, in considerable numbers, may always be found in snow, and they resist extreme cold.

Suspension for one to three minutes, three times a week, is a new way of treating locomotor ataxia.

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An Esquimaux woman is lecturing in the United States.

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Hats with low crowns and broad brims, like scoops, are fashionable.

Ribbons of gold and silver metal are extensively used for trimming.

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Worth makes his mourning dresses in a design that never goes out of fashion.

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A lady named Lanesco was chosen Mayor of a town in Roumania, but the Minister of the Interior quashed the election.

Some of the handsomest of new imported cretonnes come in scroll and daisy patterns, with much cream color in the ground.

It is said that never before at the beginning of a new administration have there been so many women officeholders at Washington.

Cambridge, the seat of England's famous university, has the further distinction of sheltering within its walls a college of carpentry for women.

Entire gray toilets are trimmed with silver braiding, gray passementeries in Arabesque designs, or made up with velvet or brocade of a deeper shade.

Mme. Kerschbaumer, M. D., who practices as an oculist in Salzburg, recently delivered an important lecture in Vienna on the study of medicine by women.

Fichus of India silk muslin, edged with knife-plaited lace, are in high favor. They are particularly effective when worn with gowns of scarlet sicilienne.

Gray in an infinite variety of shades is a notable color in the newly imported French and English gowns, and but few of them are trimmed with contrasting colors.

New and very stylish are the cloth costumes which consist of a Russian redingote of one color opening over a vest and draped front of cloth of a contrasting shade.

The round French waist, which is gathered at neck and waist-line, front and back, and shows neither darts nor side bodies, is used for all summer fabrics, whether silk, wool or cotton.

A popular garniture for skirts of dark cashmere is a latticed border of narrow black velvet ribbon laid over light cashmere. The upper part of the corsage also has this velvet trellis pattern.

The newest thing in London household economy is a female butler—a maiden dressed in a livery of blue, green, gold or scarlet, as taste may prefer. The effect alleged is "more quiet and equal style."

English dust coats for driving or traveling are made of gray mohair in plain redingote shape, single-breasted, open down the middle of the back, and with large coat sleeves, full and high on the shoulders.

By the will of Baroness de Fahrenburg, who died lately in St. Louis, most of her large fortune is devoted to the building and endowment at Lexington, Kentucky, of an asylum for old Protestant white men and women and young white Protestant poor children.

Here are heroines indeed from North Carolina: Miss Lucy Miller and her small niece, Hattie Rainey, found that a high and dangerous railway trestle was afloat, and by dipping water from a near creek with their felt hats extinguished it in time to save from harm a train of cars close at hand.

Queen Victoria, on her recent visit to Biarritz, commissioned the American painter, William Gedney Bence, formerly of Hartford, Conn., and lately of New York and Venice, to paint a picture for her. This is the first time, it is said, that the Queen ever gave a commission to an American artist.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

VALUE OF HEN DROPPINGS.

The statement that the droppings of one hen per year are worth fifty cents is going its annual round. We have kept about one hundred hens on the average but find them credited with only five dollars on our book for manure, or five cents each. Ten cents is the very highest that we would be willing to allow for the annual manure crop from each hen.—*American Agriculturist*.

MICE AMONG THE CORN.

Mice make serious work among corn in the ear in cribs. They work around freely among the ears where cats cannot follow them. Rats kill off the mice, but are themselves worse than the vermin they destroy. The best security against vermin in corn houses is to set the building on posts capped with a tin pan so that mice cannot get around it. Then if not brought in they cannot effect an entrance. The corn house should be cleared of all rubbish cobs and the like at least once a year.—*Courier-Journal*.

WATER FOR BEES.

Persons owning bees and not located near streams of water should furnish them fresh water daily, as it will save time which, to the bee, means honey, as it means money to a person. The way they frequent wells and cisterns shows that they prefer water fresh to stale, and they appear to enjoy sipping it from gravel and sand. I have used milk-crocks filled with gravel and sand, but, on the whole, prefer wooden kegs with cloth put in them, hanging over the sides, acting as syphons. The bees sip water from the sunny side of the kegs. The kegs should be washed out frequently, and one should be a little brackish, about a teaspoonful to a pail of water.—*Prairie Farmer*.

COTTON-SEED MEAL FOR COWS.

The agricultural department at Washington has been making an analysis of butter from cows fed on cotton seed meal, which produces unlooked-for results. The analysis showed remarkable points: 1. A low percentage of vegetable acids. 2. A phenomenally high melting point. 3. A strong persistence of the reducing agent. The first point is of importance as showing that mixing cotton seed with the feed of cows in the South will tend to raise the melting point of butter, thus rendering it more suitable for consumption in hot climates. Professor Wiley says: "From an analytic point of view the results are of great importance, since they show that butter derived from a cow fed on cotton seed meal might be condemned as adulterated when judged by the amount of volatile acids present. Since cotton seed meal is destined to be a cattle food of great importance, especially in the southern part of the United States, this is a fact of the greatest interest."—*Chicago Times*.

SMUT OF OATS.

The smut of oats—said by a Manchester, (Mich.) inquirer to be very badly injurious throughout—is caused by the fungus (*Ustilago segetum*) which feeds on the panicles, and develops a great quantity of dark brown spores. These are wafted about by wind, and if they fall upon other oat plants under the proper condition smut will again be produced. As a preventive, it is well to practise rotation, and never raise two oat crops in succession on the same land. The seed used should be plump, well filled and free from smutted kernels. It is a common practice in some sections to soak the seed for thirty-six hours in one pound of copper sulphate, dissolved in four gallons of water; this destroys any adhering spores, and will greatly lessen, and perhaps prevent, attack of the smut. A solution of one pound caustic potash in six gallons of water is thought to be as effective, and it requires only half the time of soaking. On being taken out of the solution the seed should be rolled in ashes, lime or plaster. When once established on the plants no application can avail.—*New York Tribune*.

COVERING CORN.

When the ground is dry, corn requires a heavier and firmer covering. It is sometimes said that the later the planting the heavier and firmer should be the covering; but this is true only so far as it holds good that the later in the season the drier the ground. Sometimes the ground contains more moisture in May than in April; then the May covering should be the lighter and looser. Generally, however, toward the close of the planting season the ground has lost so much moisture that not only should the covering be heavy, but it may well be connected by a stroke with the hoe or even by tramping upon it. If the planting is done with a two-horse planter, the runners properly set to go deeper and the firming action of the wheels is not disturbed. In fact, if the ground is unusually dry, it is advisable to go over the field with a heavy roller two days after the corn is planted. Germination has not yet reached the stage where the displacement of the earth by the roller will prove injurious to the corn, while this displacement will kill myriads of weeds that have just started near the surface. If used early enough, a roller is a good weed-destroyer. If, on the other hand, the ground is damp, as it is most likely to be early in the season, less covering is required, and the covering should not be compacted with the hoe or foot. If the planting is done with a two-horse planter, the grower should follow close after, to

loosen the covering compacted by the wheels. The amount and density of the covering should also be modified by the character of the soil. A light, loose soil—therefore one that dries out rapidly—may well be compacted above the seed when a heavy, clayey soil should be kept loose; and the covering of the former should be heavier than of the latter. The general principle is that the covering should be sufficient to keep moisture about the seed, but not of a character to retain an excess of moisture or to shut out the warmth of the sun; and the shallowest covering that will secure the essential conditions of germination is the best.—*American Agriculturist*.

HORSES AT REST.

There are some curious facts about the disposition of horses to lie down, says the *Horse and Stable*. To a hard working horse repose is almost as great a necessity as good food, but tired as he may be, he is very often shy about lying down, even when a clean, nice bed of straw is provided for him. The writer once rode a mare seventy miles in a single day. The stable in which she was put for the night was as comfortable in every way as it could be made, yet she stood the whole night through. She ate her oats and hay and then went to sleep, leaning forward with her breast against the manger. There are horses that have never been seen to lie down, and if they have ever done so it was only for a short time, and at an hour when they were not likely to be seen. No marks have ever been discovered on their roasts which would indicate that they had been lying down. A horse is recalled now that occupied for fifteen years, from the time he was two years old, the first stall in grandfather's stable. Up to the hour he died no one had ever seen him lying down, and several times after wearisome drives of eight or ten hours, a watch was placed on him to see if during the night he would lie down; but he was never caught in that position, and he could not be tempted to recline by the sweetest and cleanest of bedding. He died literally upon his feet. He was taken sick, and in giving him a drench from a long-necked bottle, with his head pulled up to a beam, he suddenly fell back and expired.

Unless a horse lies down regularly his rest cannot be complete, and his joints and sinews stiffen; and while it is true that some horses that sleep in a standing position continue to work for many years, it is equally true that they would continue to work for many years longer, and perform their work much better, if they rested naturally. Young horses from a country stable may refuse to lie down when put into a stable in town, and the habit may become confirmed unless inducements are offered. Horses can be taught to lie down, and they can also be taught to be as neat and cleanly in their habits as an individual.

It is a very rare thing for horses afflicted with a disease that superinduces fever to lie down; they will stand up until nature becomes completely exhausted and their limbs refuse to sustain them. They have an instinct which teaches them that if they lie down it may be difficult for them to get upon their feet again.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Silage is a partial substitute for green grass.

Silage may be made an efficient ally of or a good substitute for soiling crops.

It is no sign that a hen meditates evil to her owner simply because she lays for him.

Be sure and set out some fruit—a few berries at least—and how about the currants and grapes?

The first eggs from pullets should not be used for hatching if hen's eggs can be had conveniently.

Some who keep cattle up in summer say that silage is even more valuable in summer than in winter.

A lath fence is the first thing to plant for a farmer's garden. It will pay the best of any one crop he can put in.

The common school is the farmer's college, and the parents ought to visit the schools and be interested in their work.

The persimmon is naturally a slow grower, and although plenty of fertilizer is given, they seem to grow only just about so much.

Farmers are not putting business method enough into their work. They must make their brains do a little more and their hands a little less.

If you have any mongrel cocks or those from which you do not wish to breed, get rid of them at once. It is a needless expense to feed them.

An important advantage resulting from the use of ensilage all the year is, that manure made from it is available for use—not scattered at random over the farm.

A cow should never be idle more than six weeks at one time. She will last longer and earn more than a cow kept the usual way—milked seven months, hauled and idle five.

In selecting fertilizers remember that gypsum, or land plaster, is a cheap and valuable form of plant food. It is especially valuable for mixing with hen manure, ashes and compost.

Among the latest notable features of the poultry business is that of hatching ducks by incubator and fattening them for early market. It is claimed to be a very remunerative business.

Have no fear of feeding potatoes to cows giving milk, but be careful about feeding them a few weeks before time of calving, for they stimulate milk production and at that period may cause garget.

PRODUCTS OF PETROLEUM.

THE MANY STRANGE USES TO WHICH THIS OIL IS PUT.

Results of Distillation—Making Kerosene—An Insect Destroyer—Employment of Petroleum in Disease.

The petroleum that is the product of the various oil districts of this country is an oily liquid that assumes every shade from jet black to a nearly colorless fluid. Its odor is peculiar, disagreeable, persistent. As it comes from the wells it is generally, however, of a dark green hue by reflected light, and often iridescent.

In this condition, however, it is useless for commercial purposes, and has to be subjected to the processes of refining. In ordinary processes the distillate is divided into three general portions. The first consists of the lightest and most volatile oils, which are colorless, some of them being as volatile as ether. These oils are known under the general name of naphtha, but, like the crude petroleum, this crude naphtha may be also distilled and divided into gasoline, and different grades of naphtha which are used in gas machines, for mixing paints and other similar purposes, and sometimes also for burning in street lamps and stoves. The middle portion of the distillate is the crude illuminating oil or kerosene. As it runs from the still it has an exceedingly offensive odor, due to decompositions of certain portions of the petroleum at the high temperature reached in the still. To remove these offensive compounds the oil is first treated with about five per cent. of strong oil of vitriol. This combines with the bad-smelling oils, forming a black, tarry residue that falls to the bottom of the tank as soon as the oil is brought to rest. After the acid compound is drawn off and the oil washed with water it is again washed with a strong solution of caustic soda, which removes the excess of sulphuric acid, and then there is still another washing with water to remove any of the caustic soda that may remain in the oil. The oil is now nearly colorless, with the peculiar balsamic odor of kerosene and the slightly opalescent color which is seen in this class of oils.

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Some of the handsomest of new imported cretonnes come in scroll and daisy patterns, with much cream color in the ground.

It is said that never before at the beginning of a new administration have there been so many women office-seekers at Washington.

Cambridge, the seat of England's famous university, has the further distinction of sheltering within its walls a college of carpentry for women.

Entire gray toilets are trimmed with silver braiding, gray passementeries in Arabesque designs, or made up with velvet or brocade of a deeper shade.

Mme. Kerschbaumer, M. D., who practices as an oculist in Salzburg, recently delivered an important lecture in Vienna on the study of medicine by women.

Fichus of India silk muslin, edged with knife-plaited lace, are in high favor. They are particularly effective when worn with gowns of scarlet sicilienne.

Gray in an infinite variety of shades is a notable color in the newly imported French and English gowns, and but few of them are trimmed with contrasting colors.

New and very stylish are the cloth costumes which consist of a Russian redingote of one color opening over a vest and draped front of cloth of a contrasting shade.

The round French waist, which is gathered at neck and waist-line, front and back, and shows neither darts nor side bodies, is used for all summer fabrics, whether silk, wool or cotton.

A popular garniture for skirts of dark cashmere is a latticed border of narrow black velvet ribbon laid over light cashmere. The upper part of the corsage also has this velvet trellis pattern.

The newest thing in London household economy is a female butler—a maiden dressed in a livery of blue, green, gold or scarlet, as taste may prefer. The effect alleged is "more quiet and equal style."

English dust coats for driving or traveling are made of gray mohair in plain redingote shape, single-breasted, open down the middle of the back, and with large coat sleeves, full and high on the shoulders.

By the will of Baroness de Fahrenburg, who died lately in St. Louis, most of her large fortune is devoted to the building and endowment at Lexington, Kentucky, of an asylum for old Protestant white men and women and young white Protestant poor children.

Here are heroines indeed from North Carolina: Miss Lucy Miller and her small niece, Mattie Rainey, found that a high and dangerous railway trestle was afloat, and by dipping water from a near creek with their felt hats extinguished it in time to save from harm a train of cars close at hand.

Queen Victoria, on her recent visit to Biarritz, commissioned the American painter, William Gedney Bunce, formerly of Hartford, Conn., and lately of New York and Venice, to paint a picture for her. This is the first time, it is said, that the Queen ever gave a commission to an American artist.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 28, 1889.

Prosperous towns and cities are made by the energy and enterprise of its citizens. Natural advantages are all right and will answer the purpose for advancing a town to a certain extent, but when such a town grows to such a proportion that the surrounding country is unable to sustain further advancement or improvement, then it becomes necessary for the citizens, in order to secure a more enlarged prosperity, to combine their capital and erect manufacturing factories to enable them to manufacture at home, needed articles in daily use, which are now imported. The wealth of a people is not acquired by the amount of money made in a community, but by the amount of money retained in such a community. Such is the trouble in an agricultural community as we have here. When the crops are sold the greater part of the revenue is sent abroad for the necessities and luxuries, and the country is drained of its ready money. The establishing of manufacturing factories would to a certain extent remedy this and add to the general prosperity of the country. Let our business men and farmers think of this matter, and we trust will take a step towards advancing the prosperity of the town and community.

General Simon Cameron was stricken at his country seat, at Donegal Springs, last Thursday with paralysis of the right arm and side. He was in his usual health when he arose in the morning, and the attack was entirely unexpected. His condition has been very critical and he has been unconscious since the first attack. General Cameron had a very slight attack of paralysis about two months ago, at which time there was great alarm in the family for his future. He soon recovered from it, and has been almost in his usual health, although he has been less active.

General Cameron died at eight o'clock Wednesday evening.

The correct list of those whose lives were lost in the flood of the Conemaugh Valley will never be known, and even the best informed can only approximate the number. Recently it was announced that the aggregate loss of life would not exceed 5,000; but subsequent inquiry clearly disproves that calculation. The physicians of Johnstown, who have probably the best facilities for estimating the loss of life, have agreed that fully 10,000 were lost by the flood, and that appalling number will likely go into history as the nearest approach to accuracy.

A triple wreck occurred near Latrobe, Pa., Wednesday morning, and thirty-eight cars are strewn along the right bank of the road and down the side of an embankment about fifty feet high. Twelve bodies have been recovered, and the list of killed may run up to thirty or forty, while a large number were more or less seriously wounded. The accident occurred in a peculiar manner. A west-bound freight collided with a skifter on the stone bridge crossing Loyalhanna creek. In an instant the cars of the long freight and both engines were precipitated into the creek, about fifty feet below, and almost immediately they were all on fire, and for a while the moans of the injured and dying could be for a great distance. Just at the moment of the collision the east-bound freight was passing, and as the telescoped train piled up and toppled over the wrecked cars caught the two rear cars of the passing train, throwing them into the gorge below. The killed and injured were all men who were returning from Johnstown.

The first execution of a woman in the county of Philadelphia was that of Mary Jane Whetling in Moyamensing prison Tuesday morning. The crime for which Mrs. Whetling suffered the extreme penalty of the law was the deliberate poisoning of her husband and two children with arsenic for the purpose of securing the small insurance which she carried on each of their lives.

Benjamin Margal, a prominent farmer of Antrim township, Franklin Co., was struck by lightning near Greencastle Friday evening, and instantly killed. Mr. Margal was cutting hay, driving two horses in a mow. A light shower was falling, but not sufficient to interfere with his work. Suddenly a small dark cloud over his head opened up with a crash of thunder and the bolt from it struck him in the forehead, killing him and both the horses instantly.

A young son of Dr. W. S. Troxell, of Emmitsburg, fell from a cherry tree Saturday, 15th inst., and sustained a severe fracture of the left leg.

Charles B. Trail, of Frederick, has been appointed consul at Marseilles. He served five years in the U. S. Consulate at Rio Janeiro.

The Pacific Mail steamer Granada is stranded on the Mexican Pacific coast, but her 115 passengers are safe.

Illinois State Board of Agriculture estimates a wheat crop of 127,000,000 bushels and 4,072,000 bushels of rye.

The Commissioners of Frederick county, Md., have awarded contracts for seven iron bridges over the Monocacy river to replace those washed away by the recent floods.

Hanover has four million gallons of water suspended by two dams across a ravine in the Pigeon Hills, 175 feet above the level of the town and within three miles of it. Lebanon, Lock Haven, Mahanoy City, Shamokin, and Sunbury have like dams, of different sizes, near them.

Farmers in Frederick county who a few weeks ago were looking forward to the gathering of what promised to be an extraordinary yield of wheat are now, owing to the effects of the long continued rains, almost in despair. Mr. G. Wm. Smith, one of the most prominent farmers in the county, said that from present indications the yield would be about one-half of an ordinary crop.

A fire in Johnstown Monday destroyed twenty five houses, and added \$30,000 to the loss there. The fire was caused by sparks from the burning drift at the bridge. Dynamite is being used to clear up the wreckage at the bridge, and many bodies are found.

Michael Rezzello, alias "Red Nosed Mike," was hanged in the jail yard at Wilkesbarre on Tuesday morning. It will be remembered that he was the notorious Italian who on the 19th of October last murdered Paymaster J. B. McClure and stable boss Hugh Flanagan, on the mountain road above Wilkesbarre.

Charles Richter was killed, and Carl Stalter, Michael Wash and Thomas Reynolds were seriously injured by a bursting boiler in George Renner's brewery at Youngstown, O., on Monday at midnight.

Two accidents occurred in the southern section of Baltimore Tuesday on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in one of which Mrs. Elizabeth Schroeder, an old woman, was killed and in the other Augusta Kahl aged 15, was badly injured.

Mrs. Hayes, wife of Ex-President R. B. Hayes, was stricken with apoplexy Friday at her home in Fremont, Ohio, and paralysis followed. All efforts to restore her to consciousness failed, and she died at half-past 6 o'clock Tuesday morning.

George McCann, who was awaiting trial for the murder of his wife on Saturday, June 15, by crushing her skull with a hatchet while she lay asleep in bed, hanged himself in his cell at the Philadelphia county prison. His cell but a few yards from that in which Mrs. Whiteling was at the time awaiting execution. He hanged himself with a pocket handkerchief fastened to the door knob of the cell.

MARRIED.

June 16, by Rev. J. R. Dunkerley, Mr. Jas. E. Andrew, of Hamiltonban twp., to Miss Emma L. Biggs, of Franklin twp.

June 19, by Rev. W. T. Kioffer, A. Danner Buehler, of Gettysburg, to Miss Minerva Seylar, of Franklin county.

June 20, by Rev. T. J. Barkley, Chas. S. Duncan, Esq., to Miss Annie K. Barkley, both of Gettysburg.

June 20, by Rev. J. A. Boll, Wm. H. Reeve, of Highland twp., to Miss Estella M. Eline, of Carroll county.

June 18, by Rev. John B. Mullaly, Augustus Small, of Conewago twp., to Miss Jane Leonard, of Hanover.

June 20, by Rev. A. Schmidt, Harry N. Heuser to Miss Naomi Caryer, both of Hanover.

DIED.

Deaths free—verges, tributes, &c., 5 cents a line

June 23, in Hanover, Isaac Wise, in the 73d year of his age.

June 16, in Abbottstown, Wilhelmina, consort of the late Joseph Berlin, aged 80 years, 2 months and 13 days.

June 16, near Biglerville, Elizabeth Haldaman, aged 76 years, 11 months and 28 days.

June 20, in Gettysburg, Emeline Steffy, aged 80 years.

June 20, at Fairfield, James B. Marshall, aged 25 years, 5 months and 20 days.

June 21, at the Almshouse, Mathias Stickle, aged about 85 years.

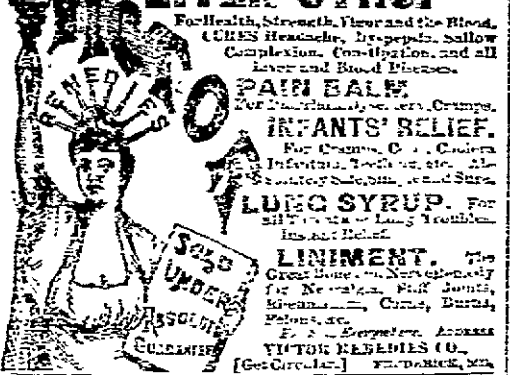
Gov. Beaver and the Flood Commission visited Johnstown on Wednesday. After consulting with the Citizens Relief Committee, the commission ordered the immediate purchase of 500 Chicago ready-made houses, and also the erection of store buildings for the local merchants. The houses will be 12 by 26 feet, large enough to accommodate six persons each. Each house will be furnished with a stove and utensils, six chairs, two beds and bedclothes, two spring mattresses, one pair pillows and two pair of sheets for each bed, woolen blankets, a bureau, a table and tableware. If a man cannot find his own ground now, he can set his house up anywhere and move it on to his land when it is found under the debris.

A PLAIN FACT

Have you pain in the small of the back or hips, sharp pain up the back, at times pain in the head, dizziness, glimmering before the eyes, at times difficult to urinate, at times too free, too clear? If so, remember these are symptoms of Bright's Disease, which can be cured in its first stages, but do not wait until then. Go to J. W. Barnitz's drug store and ask for a free sample bottle of Dr. Bardick's Kidney Cure, which will convince you, Large size, 75c. One bottle lasts two weeks. This is a positive cure for all Kidney or Liver trouble, with a guaranteed sale.

For coughs, colds, sore or weak throats, ask for a free sample of Jackson's Magnum Bonum Cough Syrup, the great throat healer. Large size, 25 cents. Sold by J. W. Barnitz, New Oxford. Sample free.

USE—SAFEST—SUREST—BEST LIVER SYRUP



If any dealer says he has the W. L. Douglas shoes without name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.



W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
Best in the world. Examine his \$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE. \$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE. \$3.50 POLICE AND WORKMEN'S SHOE. \$2.50 POLICE AND WORKMEN'S SHOE. \$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE. \$2.09 and \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE FOR LADIES.
Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting. Not sold by your dealer. Examine his W. L. DOUGLAS BROCKTON, MASS. Examine W. L. Douglas' \$2.00 Shoes for gentlemen and ladies. FOR SALE BY
SHEELY & BRO.,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

MARBLE YARD.

E. G. LOUGH,

Opposite the German Reformed Church, NEW OXFORD, - PENN'A

All kinds of Grave Work furnished as cheap as the cheapest, in the latest styles, and of the best material. Monuments made a specialty. Persons wishing anything in this line are invited to call and examine his samples before purchasing elsewhere.

Auctioneering.

George L. Colestock

Offers his services to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. P. O. address, New Chester, Adams county, Pa.

25,000 CARPENTERS no use our SAW FILER to file all kinds of saws so that they will cut better than ever. Price, \$2.50 Circulars and prices to agents. Address, E. ROTH & BRO., New Oxford, Pa. Haps21v.

G. A. KLINGLE,

—FASHIONABLE—
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.

Shampooing and dyeing done in the best style. Razors honed and put in order at lowest rates. Saloon next door to the IREX office Centre Square, New Oxford, Pa.

Subscribe for the Item, only \$1.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 132 Fulton Street, N. Y.

For the Month of June!

GREAT SACRIFICE SALE of Clothing, Hats, Shoes, Etc.

Having had such a successful season this spring, we have determined to give you some Rare Bargains in Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Fur Hats, Straw Hats, &c., this month. In order to do this we must cut prices from right to left, and we have cut prices just in half. Remember, we do not offer you old stock, but all goods are entirely new, made by ourselves and cut after the latest styles.

Men's suits, reduced from \$5.50 to \$3.00	Boys' fine suits reduced from \$7.00 to \$3.75
Men's fine suits, " 7.00 to 3.50	" " 8.00 to 4.25
Men's fine worsted suits from \$12 to \$7	Children's suits, " 2.00 to 1.00
Imp. worst'd & corksw 15 to 10	" " 2.50 to 1.25
Men's seersucker coats and vests only 90c.	" " 3.50 to 2.25
Boys' " " 50c.	" " 5.00 to 3.00
Boys' suits reduced from \$5 to \$3	" " 5.50 to 3.50

All our Gent's Furnishing Goods have been reduced on the same basis. We are selling fine French Balbriggan suits, shirt and drawers, at \$1, worth \$2. We have the latest assortment of Men's flannel over shirts in town. Straw Hats we sell cheaper than any house in town. Gold headed silk umbrellas, for ladies and gentlemen, from \$1.50 up. Give us a call. Remember, this sale lasts only for this month.

D. MYERS, The Reliable CLOTHIER.

Andrew Dellone & Bro.'s Old Stand, next to Shirk's Hardware, HANOVER, PA.

LOOK! LOOK!

PIANOS, ORGANS, & C. & MUSIC, both vocal and instrumental, in sheet or book form. I wish to inform the public that I have a full and complete assortment of all the best makes of Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments of all kinds. Also all the latest and most popular

I have also taken the agency for the celebrated Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, (latest improved,) the lightest running and cheapest machine in the market. Look at them.

NOVELS. All the latest Novels by the most popular novelists, always on hand. My motto is close profits and quick sales. Am ready to wait on customers at all times. No trouble to show goods.

O. A. SMITH,

2 doors from Centre Square, Hanover street, New Oxford, Pa.

SHEELY & BRO., Dry Goods, Notions, &c.

We wish to call your attention to a fine line of

Sateens at 10 and 12½ cents.

Best Dress Gingham at 8 cents.

Cottonades at 10, 15, 20 and 25 cents.

HATS in all the new Styles and Shades, from the cheapest to best qualities. SHOES? We are headquarters on them. Come and see us and our prices and quality will prove it. READY-MADE CLOTHING? We have a nice line at bottom prices. Agents for Felt Window Shades and Shading.

GITT'S OLD RELIABLE CORNER.

Flouncing! :- Flouncing!

We have just received a complete line of Flouncing of all kinds.

White Swiss Flouncing,
White Hamburg Flouncing,
Black Lace Flouncing.

These goods are of the very latest patterns and we will sell you the best value to be had for your money.

G. D. & H. N. GITT,

HANOVER, PA.

—GO TO—

John H. Nau J. M. MARTIN,

Littlestown, Pa., for your

TOMBSTONES

As my business has been greatly increased on account of my cheap and substantial work, I have been compelled to get additional hands who are skilled in fine work. I am at all times prepared to furnish the most beautiful

Monuments, Tombstones, Lintels, Door Sills at Bargains.

My work extends all through Carroll and Frederick counties, Md., Adams and York counties, Pa. I guarantee my PRICES and WORK to suit all persons making purchases from me. A large stock of work constantly on hand. Call and examine and satisfy yourself. All orders promptly attended to. Work delivered free of charge. Yards, Frederick Street, Littlestown, Pa.

SALESMEN

WANTED
to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock. Steady employment guaranteed. Salary and expenses paid to successful men. Apply at once. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mention this paper. CHASE BROS. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

cheese. soaps.
A comic paper called Crack Shots given with every 10-cent plug of tobacco.
A full line of notions, queens and glassware, etc., for sale.

A full line of notions, queens and glassware, etc., for sale.

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, in advance—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of the time subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates—large reductions to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest table or card to the largest handbill or poster—done with dispatch, at the lowest rates.

OFFICE on Centre Square, near Noel's grocery.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 28, 1889.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Last Friday was the longest day of 1889.

The early potato crop looks very promising.

Next Thursday will be the "glorious Fourth."

John Robinson's Big Shows in Gettysburg July 3.

Locus are very plenty in spots about Pen-Mar.

A new roof is being placed on the Evangelical church at Bendersville.

The exterior of the Reformed church at New Chester, has been repainted.

N. Beisecker, of Fairfield, has a cow that has had four calves within a year.

Miss Ruth Wilson, of Bendersville, has a pink stalk with 246 flowers on it.

The frequent showers of rain are having a salutary effect upon the corn crop.

York county's loss in bridges alone by the recent flood, has been fixed at \$55,000.

Old potatoes along the mountain bring 20 cents and sell in the cities at 50 cents.

Mr. Michael Livingstone, of Mountpleasant twp., is building a new blacksmith shop.

The boys should know that there is a fine of \$10 for destroying the nest of an insectivorous bird.

Miss Dora Gilbert, of this place, has been elected teacher of the Walnut Grove school in Berwick twp.

In Huntington county 350 houses were swept away, 109 barns and 32 bridges, during the great flood.

George Jacobs, of East Berlin, recently caught a black bass in the Conewago, which weighed 3 pounds.

New Postmasters: J. C. D. Lower, Arendtsville; W. E. Taylor, Bendersville; W. S. Houck, Heidlersburg.

Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, Arnica Oil Liniment and Downs' Elixior for sale at Dicks' drug store.

Prof. Ezra E. Taylor, of Arendtsville, has been accepted as principal teacher of the East Berlin No. 1 school.

Victor Pain Balm will cure the worst case of cramp colic, cholera-morbis or diarrhoea, in ten minutes. Ask for it. Try it.

The Reformed congregation of East Berlin contemplates remodeling and enlarging their church, in the near future.

The Pennsylvania Soldiers' Monument Commission made its first inspection of the Gettysburg battlefield on Friday.

York Springs wants a display of fire works on the 4th of July, and an effort is being made to collect money to purchase them.

During the last ten years, Americans have contributed \$20,000,000 to relieve suffering caused by disasters and epidemics.

Elmer Dubbs, of Fairfield, found a coin one day last week that was made in 1787, and had the profile of a woman on both sides.

FOR SALE.—One separator and new horse power, all in good order, will be sold cheap. Inquire of Hanson Stallsmith, New Oxford.

A little daughter of Mr. John Deip, of near Idaville, fell from a cherry tree last Tuesday morning and was quite seriously hurt.

THE LATEST OUT.—"Lost in the Flood," song and chorus written on the great disaster at Johnstown. For sale at O. A. Smith's music store.

Last Monday, as David B. Musselman was assisting H. M. Landis to put a large stone in place at his well, in Fairfield, the stone gave a sudden lurch and the hand-spike, with which Mr. Musselman was working, struck him a very severe blow on the head.

Work will be commenced on the extension of the Harrisburg & Potomac railroad, from Bowmansdale to the Susquehanna river, early next month.

During the absence last week of N. R. Bailey and family, Dillsburg, his house and store were entered by burglars and a quantity of goods stolen.

On Thursday last Sheriff Taubinghaugh sold 8 acres, more or less, of land of Wm. Quinn, in Chamberland township, to George Z. Lower for \$960.

There are many hair preparations in the market, but none have so desirable effect upon the hair and scalp as Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

There has been an unprecedented demand for barbed wire since the high waters. Nearly all the fences on the bottom lands have been obliterated.

A picnic will be held in Jenkins' grove, adjoining Irishtown, on next Thursday, July 4th. There will be a grand display of fire works in the evening.

The ninth annual Excursion of the employees of the Western Maryland R. R. will take place on Saturday, July 19. Its destination will be Tolchester Beach.

A fine horse belonging to Mr. John Sneeinger, Jr., near Brush Run Schoolhouse, was badly lacerated by coming in contact with a wire-fence, on Wednesday.

The Shippensburg News says that a child was born at Stony Point, near Shippensburg, recently, that had five fingers and a thumb on each hand, and six toes on each foot.

It will certainly be gratifying news to coffee drinkers to inform them that the price of coffee has dropped considerably within a week, with indications for a further decline.

Do you suffer with sick headache, dizziness, constipation or pain in the side, if so afflicted use Red Cloud Liver Beans. Trial package free at all druggists. 25 doses 25 cents.

Monday next, July 1st, Mr. J. W. Barnitz, the newly appointed postmaster, will remove the postoffice into the Harman building, corner of Centre Square and Hanover street.

Children's day was observed Sunday in the Lutheran church. The programme consisted of singing, responsive reading, &c. The church was handsomely decorated with flowers.

Mr. Franklin Mause, of near town, brought us an apple one evening this week, of the Russian variety, taken from a tree on his lot last season, that was as sound as the day it was plucked.

A mortgage of \$100,000 was Tuesday entered against the Taylor Manufacturing Company, of Chambersburg, in favor of John R. Orr, as trustee for the holders of \$100,000 of bonds.

The summer of 1889 will "thunder down the ages" as one of the most disastrous in the annals of time. In this summer not less than \$55,000,000 were swept away by fire and flood in one week alone.

Monday morning the death of Lawrence Bevan, son of W. C. Bevan, of Malaga, Spain, a bright lad aged 10 years, 10 months and 10 days, occurred at Gettysburg from the effects of an attack of scarlatina.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.—To show everyone what Red Cloud Liver Beans will do for dyspepsia, torpid liver, biliousness, sick or nervous headache, any druggist will give you a trial package free. Try it.

Last Wednesday President Hood and the Directors of the Western Md. Railroad, in a special train, inspected the Western Extension, and expressed themselves much pleased with the work and beauty of the road.

Harney is moving in the matter of getting a railroad. A meeting was held there last Wednesday to induce a change in the route of the proposed Harrisburg and Washington survey so as to include that thriving place.

Rev. Albert Cook, formerly of Bendersville and more recently a missionary to China, and family were not among the lost at Johnstown. Neither was the Rev. G. W. Amies, late of the College and Seminary at Gettysburg.

THE DOCTOR AND POSTMASTER were talking about a case of serious illness, due to a neglected cold and rapidly going into consumption, which was promptly cured by Puritan cough and consumption cure. Price 25 cents.

Experience has shown sufferers with dyspepsia, biliousness and liver complaint, in fact all diseases arising from a disordered system that nothing equals Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator for these troubles. Try it. Trial bottles free at Barnitz's drug store.

Last Monday evening a shooting affray took place at the Gettysburg & Harrisburg railway junction, at Carlisle. Richard Knight, a tramp, shot a companion, Chas. Morgan, in the head, the bullet ploughing a deep cut in the scalp.

While Amos Jacobs, residing along the road from York to East Berlin, was mowing grass the other day, his team ran away and the mower completely wrecked. He fortunately, escaped injury, and only stopped the frightened animals by driving them in a circle.

Mr. J. D. Mickley, of Cashtown, while gathering cream one day last week, stopped by the wayside to feed his horse, removing the bit from his mouth. A runaway followed with a smashed up wagon and quite a quantity of spilled cream.

A runaway horse dashed into the doorway of Nixon's drug store, in Chambersburg, on Saturday afternoon, smashing the plate glass in the doors. He was backed out before he did any further damage. The horse was badly cut about the head.

The division of this State into new census districts has been completed and finds Adams county in the seventh district with Cumberland, Bedford, Blair, Franklin, Fulton, Huntingdon, Juniata, Mifflin, Perry, Snyder and Union counties. Population, 360,087.

Housekeepers complain that there is an unusual plague of moths this year. They are not only more abundant than ever, but seem to defy all the ordinary remedies. They thrive on tobacco and fairly revel in camphor, while the numerous patent sure deaths for them merely give them better appetites.

Hon. Edward McPherson has been elected a member of the Board of Managers of the Gettysburg and Petersburg turnpike company, to succeed the late John H. McClellan. S. A. Bobean has been chosen treasurer and superintendent in place of Mr. McClellan.

In speaking of "Nevada" presented in the Hanover Opera House last Tuesday evening, by the New Oxford Amateur Dramatic Co., the Herald says: "The drama was well presented, all present uniting in declaring it one of the best amateur performances seen here in a long time."

The Johnstown Tribune, of Monday, June 17, has this among its reports of bodies found: "The remains of Wallace McConaughy, son of Jas. P. McConaughy, were blown out of the wreck at the stone arch bridge to-day. The body was torn to pieces and would never have been identified save for a receipt from W. J. Rose & Son, which he had in his pocket."

Farmers are much delayed with their work on account of the protracted wet weather. Many have not been able to plant corn and others were very late getting it in. The grass crop is good and a large amount of hay will be made. Reports generally make the wheat crop very promising, although there are exceptions.

FROM THE NATION'S CAPITAL.—Mr. A. N. Hazen, Washington, D. C., says the famous Red Flag Oil is a perfect family medicine and has no equal for rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, cuts, burns and all bodily pain. Price 25c.

Consumption, are you troubled with this terrible disease, if so take healthy exercise, live in open air, use Puritan cough and consumption cure and be cured, don't delay. Price 25 cents. At Barnitz's drug store.

Last Thursday morning, C. M. Myers, of Bermudian, while in Dillsburg his three-horse team became frightened at a drilling machine and engine. The horses started to run and threw Mr. Myers against Dr. Bailey's stepping stone. The wagon passed over one of his legs and his head received a cut deep cut about four inches in length.

Corner Sold.

Mr. P. J. Noel this week sold the property on corner of Centre Square and Hanover street, for many years occupied as a grocery, to Dr. J. L. Sheetz for \$2,400. It is the doctor's intention to remove the old buildings on it in the course of a year, and erect in their stead a substantial and commodious building. This will be a big improvement to our town, and more especially to the square.

NINTH ANNUAL EXCURSION OF THE WESTERN MARYLAND R. R. EMPLOYEES' BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION TO TOLCHESTER BEACH, SATURDAY, JULY 13TH. The Iron Steamers "Tolchester" and "Louise" have both been secured by the association for the accommodation of its many patrons. Two hours on the water going; two hours returning, and four hours at the Beach. See handbills and posters for full information.

Personal.

J. Ross Myers, of Baltimore, spent a few days with his parents here.

Mr. H. C. Sanders and wife, of Gettysburg, were visiting their many friends in town.

Misses Mamie Kinney and Elda Cook are visiting friends at Washington, D. C.

Mr. Edw. Sheely, who is attending school at Millersville, was home for teachers' examination, on Saturday.

Mr. John D. Stock, of near town, has returned from Shippensburg, where he was attending school.

Mr. Paul Staub and Miss Vertie Overbaugh, of McSherrystown, spent Sunday with friends in town.

Mr. Emanuel R. Wills, (son of Lewis,) formerly of this county, now of South Bend, Indiana, is visiting his old friends in this county.

Mrs. Barnie Miller, of Hanover, spent a few days with her granddaughter, Mrs. H. J. Staub, in this place.

Mr. Wharton McKnight and four children, of Allegheny City, were the guests of Mrs. C. T. Clippinger, on Pitt street.

Mr. Philip Wagner, of Philadelphia, is stopping at Mr. A. Sheely's, on High street.

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Suicide of Dr. F. F. Brown.

Dr. John J. Brown, member of the Legislature from this county, died at his residence in Hampton about 11 o'clock Wednesday night, from the effects of morphine administered by his own hand Tuesday night. We are not able to give the particulars of the circumstances leading to the rash act, but report has it that the act was the culmination of a spree of several weeks' duration. He leaves a wife and two children. Dr. Brown was aged about 35 years, and was for a number of years a practicing physician in Hampton, and was spoken of as a man who thoroughly understood his profession. He was last fall elected by the Democracy of this county to the Legislature, in company with Hon. Francis Cole, and made for himself a good record while there.

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While John Lochman was working in Hoke's stone quarry, in Berwick township, on Monday, he was bitten in the right hand by a large copper snake that was concealed under a big stone he lifted up. He immediately drank a large quantity of liquor as an antidote. Although his arm and hand are swollen terribly, no serious results are anticipated.

On the same day, Daniel Lochman, Jr., aged about 10 years, a first cousin of the above named, was also bitten in the left leg by a copperhead snake while picking berries on the Pigeon Hills. In his case, however, liquor failed to serve as an antidote, and his life is despaired of.

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BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, in advance. ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS, if not paid within year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of the time subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates—large reductions to those who advertise by the year.

FOR PRINTING of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster—done with dispatch, at the lowest rates.

OFFICE on Centre Square, near Noel's grocery.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 28, 1889.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Last Friday was the longest day of 1889.

The early potato crop looks very promising.

Next Thursday will be the "glorious Fourth."

John Robinson's Big Shows in Gettysburg July 3.

Locusts are very plenty in spots about Pen-Mar.

A new roof is being placed on the Evangelical church at Bendersville.

The exterior of the Reformed church at New Chester, has been repainted.

N. Beisecker, of Fairfield, has a cow that has had four calves within a year.

Miss Ruth Wilson, of Bendersville, has a pink stalk with 246 flowers on it.

The frequent showers of rain are having a salutary effect upon the corn crop.

York county's loss in bridges alone by the recent flood, has been fixed at \$55,000.

Old potatoes along the mountain bring 20 cents and sell in the cities at 50 cents.

Mr. Michael Livingstone, of Mountpleasant twp., is building a new blacksmith shop.

The boys should know that there is a fine of \$10 for destroying the nest of an insectivorous bird.

Miss Dora Gilbert, of this place, has been elected teacher of the Walnut Grove school in Berwick twp.

In Huntington county 350 houses were swept away, 109 barns and 32 bridges, during the great flood.

George Jacobs, of East Berlin, recently caught a black bass in the Conewago, which weighed 3 pounds.

New Postmasters: J. C. D. Lower, Arendtsville; W. E. Taylor, Bendersville; W. S. Houck, Heidlersburg.

Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, Arnica Oil Liniment and Downs' Elixior for sale at Dicks' drug store.

Prof. Ezra E. Taylor, of Arendtsville, has been accepted as principal teacher of the East Berlin No. 1 school.

Victor Pain Balm will cure the worst case of cramp colic, cholera-morbus or diarrhoea, in ten minutes. Ask for it. Try it.

The Reformed congregation of East Berlin contemplates remodeling and enlarging their church, in the near future.

The Pennsylvania Soldiers' Monument Commission made its first inspection of the Gettysburg battlefield on Friday.

York Springs wants a display of fire works on the 4th of July, and an effort is being made to collect money to purchase them.

During the last ten years, Americans have contributed \$20,000,000 to relieve suffering caused by disasters and epidemics.

Elmer Dubbs, of Fairfield, found a coin one day last week that was made in 1787, and had the profile of a woman on both sides.

FOR SALE.—One separator and new horse power, all in good order, will be sold cheap. Inquire of Hanson Stall-smith, New Oxford.

A little daughter of Mr. John Delp, of near Idaville, fell from a cherry tree last Tuesday morning and was quite seriously hurt.

THE LATEST OUT.—"Lost in the Flood," song and chorus written on the great disaster at Johnstown. For sale at O. A. Smith's music store.

Last Monday, as David B. Musselman was assisting H. M. Landis to put a large stone in place at his well, in Fairfield, the stone gave a sudden lurch and the hand-spoke, with which Mr. Musselman was working, struck him a very severe blow on the head.

Work will be commenced on the extension of the Harrisburg & Potomac railroad, from Bowmansdale to the Susquehanna river, early next month.

During the absence last week of N. R. Bailey and family, Dillsburg, his house and store were entered by burglars and a quantity of goods stolen.

On Thursday last Sheriff Taughinbaugh sold 8 acres, more or less, of land of Wm. Guinn, in Cumberland township, to George Z. Lower for \$860.

There are many hair preparations in the market, but none have so desirable effect upon the hair and scalp as Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

There has been an unprecedented demand for barbed wire since the high waters. Nearly all the fences on the bottom lands have been obliterated.

A picnic will be held in Jenkins' grove, adjoining Irishtown, on next Thursday, July 4th. There will be a grand display of fire works in the evening.

The ninth annual Excursion of the employees of the Western Maryland R. R. will take place on Saturday, July 19. Its destination will be Tolchester Beach.

A fine horse belonging to Mr. John Sneringer, Jr., near Brush Run Schoolhouse, was badly lacerated by coming in contact with a wire-fence, on Wednesday.

The Shippensburg News says that a child was born at Stony Point, near Shippensburg, recently, that had five fingers and a thumb on each hand, and six toes on each foot.

It will certainly be gratifying news to coffee drinkers to inform them that the price of coffee has dropped considerably within a week, with indications for a further decline.

Do you suffer with sick headache, dizziness, constipation or pain in the side, if so afflicted use Red Cloud Liver Beans. Trial package free at all druggists. 25 doses 25 cents.

Monday next, July 1st, Mr. J. W. Barnitz, the newly appointed postmaster, will remove the postoffice into the Harman building, corner of Centre Square and Hanover street.

Children's day was observed Sunday in the Lutheran church. The programme consisted of singing, responsive reading, &c. The church was handsomely decorated with flowers.

Mr. Franklin Mause, of near town, brought us an apple one evening this week, of the Russian variety, taken from a tree on his lot last season, that was as sound as the day it was plucked.

A mortgage of \$100,000 was Tuesday entered against the Taylor Manufacturing Company, of Chambersburg, in favor of John R. Orr, as trustee for the holders of \$100,000 of bonds.

The summer of 1889 will "thunder down the ages" as one of the most disastrous in the annals of time. In this summer not less than \$55,000,000 were swept away by fire and flood in one week alone.

Monday morning the death of Lawrence Bevan, son of W. C. Bevan, of Malaga, Spain, a bright lad aged 10 years, 10 months and 10 days, occurred at Gettysburg from the effects of an attack of scarlatina.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.—To show everyone what Red Cloud Liver Beans will do for dyspepsia, torpid liver, biliousness, sick or nervous headache, any druggist will give you a trial package free. Try it.

Last Wednesday President Hood and the Directors of the Western Md. Railroad, in a special train, inspected the Western Extension, and expressed themselves much pleased with the work and beauty of the road.

Harney is moving in the matter of getting a railroad. A meeting was held there last Wednesday to induce a change in the route of the proposed Harrisburg and Washington survey so as to include that thriving place.

Rev. Albert Cook, formerly of Bendersville and more recently a missionary to China, and family were not among the lost at Johnstown. Neither was the Rev. G. W. Amick, late of the College and Seminary at Gettysburg.

THE DOCTOR AND POSTMASTER were talking about a case of serious illness, due to a neglected cold and rapidly going into consumption, which was promptly cured by Puritan cough and consumption cure. Price 25 cents.

Experience has shown sufferers with dyspepsia, biliousness and liver complaint, in fact all diseases arising from a disordered system that nothing equals Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator for these troubles. Try it. Trial bottles free at Barnitz's drug store.

Last Monday evening a shooting affray took place at the Gettysburg & Harrisburg railway junction, at Carlisle. Richard Knight, a tramp, shot a companion, Chas. Morgan, in the head, the bullet ploughing a deep cut in the scalp.

While Amos Jacobs, residing along the road from York to East Berlin, was mowing grass the other day, his team ran away and the mower completely wrecked. He fortunately, escaped injury, and only stopped the frightened animals by driving them in a circle.

Mr. J. D. Mickley, of Cashtown, while gathering cream one day last week, stopped by the wayside to feed his horse, removing the bit from his mouth. A runaway followed with a smashed up wagon and quite a quantity of spilled cream.

A runaway horse dashed into the doorway of Nixon's drug store, in Chambersburg, on Saturday afternoon, smashing the plate glass in the doors. He was backed out before he did any further damage. The horse was badly cut about the head.

The division of this State into new census districts has been completed and finds Adams county in the seventh district with Cumberland, Bedford, Blair, Franklin, Fulton, Huntingdon, Juniata, Mifflin, Perry, Snyder and Union counties. Population, 360,087.

Housekeepers complain that there is an unusual plague of moths this year. They are not only more abundant than ever, but seem to defy all the ordinary remedies. They thrive on tobacco and fairly revel in camphor, while the numerous patent sure deaths for them merely give them better appetites.

Hon. Edward McPherson has been elected a member of the Board of Managers of the Gettysburg and Petersburg turnpike company, to succeed the late John H. McClellan. S. A. Bobean has been chosen treasurer and superintendent in place of Mr. McClellan.

In speaking of "Nevada" presented in the Hanover Opera House last Tuesday evening, by the New Oxford Amateur Dramatic Co., the Herald says: "The drama was well presented, all present uniting in declaring it one of the best amateur performances seen here in a long time."

The Johnstown Tribune, of Monday, June 17, has this among its reports of bodies found: "The remains of Wallace McConaughy, son of Jas. P. McConaughy, were blown out of the wreck at the stone arch bridge to-day. The body was torn to pieces and would never have been identified save for a receipt from W. J. Rose & Son, which he had in his pocket."

Farmers are much delayed with their work on account of the protracted wet weather. Many have not been able to plant corn and others were very late getting it in. The grass crop is good and a large amount of hay will be made. Reports generally make the wheat crop very promising, although there are exceptions.

FROM THE NATION'S CAPITAL.—Mr. A. N. Hazen, Washington, D. C., says the famous Red Flag Oil is a perfect family medicine and has no equal for rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, cuts, burns and all bodily pain. Price 25c.

Consumption, are you troubled with this terrible disease, if so take healthy exercise, live in open air, use Puritan cough and consumption cure and be cured, don't delay. Price 25 cents. At Barnitz's drug store.

Last Thursday morning, C. M. Myers, of Bermudian, while in Dillsburg his three-horse team became frightened at a drilling machine and engine. The horses started to run and threw Mr. Myers against Dr. Bailey's stepping stone. The wagon passed over one of his legs and his head received a cut deep cut about four inches in length.

Corner Sold.

Mr. P. J. Noel this week sold the property on corner of Centre Square and Hanover street, for many years occupied as a grocery, to Dr. J. L. Sileet for \$2,400. It is the doctor's intention to remove the old buildings on it in the course of a year, and erect in their stead a substantial and commodious building. This will be a big improvement to our town, and more especially to the square.

NINTH ANNUAL EXCURSION OF THE WESTERN MARYLAND R. R. EMPLOYEES' BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION TO TOLCHESTER BEACH, SATURDAY, JULY 13TH. The Iron Steamers "Tolchester" and "Louise" have both been secured by the association for the accommodation of its many patrons. Two hours on the water going; two hours returning; and four hours at the Beach. See handbills and posters for full information.

Personal.

J. Ross Myers, of Baltimore, spent a few days with his parents here.

Mr. H. C. Sanders and wife, of Gettysburg, were visiting their many friends in town.

Misses Mamie Kinney and Elda Cook are visiting friends at Washington, D. C.

Mr. Edw. Sheely, who is attending school at Millersville, was home for teachers' examination, on Saturday.

Mr. John D. Stock, of near town, has returned from Shippensburg, where he was attending school.

Mr. Paul Staub and Miss Vertie Overbaugh, of McSherrystown, spent Sunday with friends in town.

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Sweet sympathy is strong to aid,
And gentle tones have power to cheer;
'Twere hard for us if riches made
The sum of all our treasure here.

He who approved the widow's mite,
Knows well what triumphs Love has won;
And precious in His holy sight
Is every kindly action done.

—S. Gray.

AN UGLY FACE.

BY TOM P. MORGAN.

"An'—an', you're so ugly, Jacks!" the girl added, with something like a little shudder.

"I know it, Hannie, but—" Half frightened at the look of anguish that her words had brought to the man's ugly face, the girl turned and sped along the timber-path that led from the big spring.

The man covered his face with his hands and groaned. No one knew better than he just how unhandsome he was. As a boy, Jackson Hamlin had grown apathetically used to the sobriquet of "Ugly Jacks," and had so often sought some placid little "back-set" in the creek, and gazed at his reflection in it with a pitiful hope that he might be growing less deserving of the title, that every line and lineament of his ugly face was as familiar to his mental vision as if it was ever before his eyes. He had grown from an ugly child to an equally ugly man, grave and kindly, and differing greatly from the shiftless and "trifling" beings about him.

He wore the same fashionless garb as they, but he spoke little of the quaint dialect which they drawled. While they passed as much as possible of their time at anything but work, he cultivated his timber-farm. Or when, at night, the young men followed yelping curs on possum or coon hunts, or with their sisters and sweethearts disported themselves at the "hoe-down" dances, Jack Hamlin bowed over the home-made table in his bachelor cabin, and, by the light of a spluttering tallow-dip, coned books that looked so bloatedly full of wisdom that the casual and illiterate visitor regarded them almost reverently.

No one knew their contents, not even old Jerry Pottle's daughter, one of the few persons in the neighborhood—the Egypt of Southwestern Missouri—who could read. They looked too dry and ponderous to arouse her interest. But she liked to hear him tell of the great world—the world beyond the forest—beyond the limits of the State, even—the outside world of which she had seen nothing and knew very little, but of which he knew much from reading.

And she liked, too, to hear him recite poetry—poetry that she, with her scanty education, could scarcely understand. And, at such times, she would, for a little while, forget his ugly face, the surroundings, the rickety, shook-covered house where her father, old Jerry Pottle, calmly smoked and dozed in his back-titled chair on the porch; forget the apathetic, shiftless, out-of-the-way world in which she existed, and live for the moment in the bright, far-off world of which the poem told.

This bright-faced, ragged maid had hopes—dreams that promised no shadow of fulfillment till Sharpley came. You and I would have considered this Sharpley a very indifferent personage—rowdyish as to appearance, deficient as to grammar, and inclined to slovenliness of attire. But to Han he was very interesting indeed. He had been almost everywhere—at least he said so. He, too, could quote poetry—of a certain class. As a conversationalist he seemed almost a wonder to Han, for Sharpley's tongue was ready and his mind an inventive one, and the restrictions of truth bothered him little.

If Jacks Hamlin had dreamed dreams, he had said very little about them. But often at night, when he should have been studying those dry books, something would come between him and the printed page, and its text would go uncommitted, while he wove wreaths of happy fancies around the mental picture that kept him from studying—the bright, wild face of old Jerry Pottle's daughter. But he had said nothing of this to her, but had waited till—Then Sharpley came, from where no one knew, and for what no one could guess; and then Jacks was with her no more.

Jacks had made no complaint, but had kept closer to his farm during the days, and studied his dry books more fiercely at night. And Han scarcely missed him at all, for Sharpley was so often hovering about, and his conversation seemed always of things in which she was interested. And—well, it was so easy for Sharpley's agile tongue to promise anything, and listening, the girl almost forgot Jacks.

Few had known or cared when he disappeared for a few days, and then came back with one of the two great hopes of his life blossoming into realization.

"I'll tell it to her," he told himself.

"Tell it to Hannie, and maybe—"

He met her in the shady path as she was returning with a bucket of water from the big spring, and started to tell her the story in a hurried, blundering way, beginning at the wrong end of the narrative and blurring out a little of the other great hope that he had so long cherished. But the girl would scarcely listen to him.

"I must hurry on," she said. "Mr.—somebody will be waiting for me."

"Somebody—Sharpley!" Jacks Hamlin said, bitterly. "That sneaking hound, that—"

"He's just as smart as you are!" the girl retorted, angrily. "Just as smart,

an' a heap nicer! He just knows ever so much, an' is just as nice-lookin' as he kin be, an'—an' you're so ugly!"

"I know it, Hannie, but—" But she was speeding away down the path, spilling the water from the bucket at every step.

"Ugly!" the man groaned. "Don't I know just as well as anybody in the world how ugly I am? I— But it's that hound Sharpley that has changed her! She used to seem to like to have me around, and almost seemed to forget my ugly face. And I— Well, it's all over now! I dreamed; that was all! But if Sharpley—"

He did not finish the sentence, but strode along the wood-path in the direction that the girl had just taken. A moment later, as he rounded a bend in the path, he stopped suddenly. Before him, close to where the path left the timber at the edge of the clearing, two figures were standing, screened by a bush from the sight of old Jerry Pottle, drowsily smoking in his tilted chair on the porch of his shook-covered domicile.

"Sharpley!" Jacks muttered, hoarsely. Sharpley's arm was around the girl as if he had sprung out from a handy hiding place and caught her, and although the girl struggled as maidenly modesty dictated, she did not seem greatly displeased. And as Jacks looked, Sharpley, holding her fast with his superior strength, bent her head back and kissed her. Then the girl broke away and bounded toward the house with the now almost empty bucket, and Sharpley strode down the path, whistling airily, and as he went on the girl stopped and looked after him.

He passed so close to Jacks, who had stepped behind a tangled bush, that the latter could have struck him to the earth. But Sharpley, unconscious of the proximity of the ugly face, that, darkened with hatred, looked half demoniacal as it peered at him, went on whistling as he strolled along the wooded path and round the bend, and the half-raised hand dropped at Hamlin's side. He left his concealment as if to follow the other, but turned, as there came a clatter of hoofs.

Before the girl had reached the house a small boy, mounted on a wheezy horse, dashed up to the rickety pole-fence and uttered a shrill whoop that aroused old Jerry Pottle so suddenly that he nearly fell out of his tilted chair. The old man hurried over to the fence, the boy imparted his message, and the steed dashed wheeling away again, urged by the rain of kicks that the bare heels of his rider bestowed upon his rusty sides. As the girl reached the house, old Jerry emerged hurriedly, bearing a long brown rifle.

"Where are you goin', paw?" the girl asked.

"Hanner," said the old man, sternly, as he strode away. "Shet yo'r mouth. An' don't you darst to stir offen the place twell to-mor'."

Some event of much moment must be at hand. "Hanner" was only used at such rare intervals that the girl's proper name had been almost forgotten. Her father, kind in his shiftless way, usually considered "Han" sufficiently comprehensive, and few called her anything else. Except Jacks. It had been "Hannie" with him, and then with Sharpley. Just now the girl did not remember but two previous occasions upon which he had dignified her as "Hanner." One was when his wife, her mother, had died. The other was only last week, when the Riggs "boys" had been arrested, and carried away on a journey that, after some delays, ended at the penitentiary, the said "boys" having been captured by a United States marshal and his posse while engaged in manufacturing "moonshine" whisky at a cleverly concealed still-house.

Old Jerry Pottle did not see Jacks Hamlin as he turned from the path and plunged into the timber. Now and then, as the homely man trudged toward his lonely home, he muttered, half aloud, in a dreary, despairing way. "It is all over, now!" he groaned. "Hannie—little Hannie!"

Night found Hamlin in his small house, bowed over his home-made table, seemingly savagely intent upon devouring the contents of one of the dry books. But the light of the spluttering candle could not dissipate the shadow that seemed obscuring the printed page—a shadow that, in spite of his determination, kept resolving itself into the face of a girl—a bright face framed in a tangle of wavy hair. He stared fiercely at the page before him, and passed his hand across his vision as if to brush away the shadow that, in spite of his effort to think of it no more, his thoughts would keep bringing up. And when, in angry despair, he turned away from the book, the face was before his vision still. "Hannie! Hannie!" he said, half aloud. "I—"

There came a patter of footsteps without in the darkness, and a little figure with frightened face and panting breath staggered in at the open door and sank into the first chair.

"Hannie!" cried the man, in astonishment.

"Oh, Jacks!" gasped the girl. "Save him! Save him! They are goin' to kill him, an'—"

It was evident that she was terribly frightened about something.

"They'll kill him—kill him!" she wailed.

"An'—an' he was goin' to take me away from here an' show me all the great world, an' make a lady uv me—an' I'd never have to wear these ole ragged cloze no more. An'—an' now they're goin' to kill him! They drove me away when I tried to plead with them—my ole father shoved me away an' called him a

spy. An' you'll save him! You can—you can! You know so much, an'—"

"Him? Who? Sharpley?"

"Yes. He was goin' to take me out into the big, bright world, an'—an' now they are goin' to kill him—"

"Was he going to make you his wife?" the man asked, sternly.

"Deed an' double he was, an'—"

"Come!" was all the man said.

They left the house and hurried away in the darkness, the man striding along at a terrific pace, seemingly unmindful of the snags and brambles that clutched him now and then, often tearing his clothes and scratching his flesh. The girl ran at his side, telling more of the story in a gasping, excited, half-incoherent way.

That night Sharpley was to have taken the girl away—away out into the great, bright world. But, while Sharpley was waiting at the trying-place, they had come and dragged him away. And now, they were going to kill him, she moaned—kill him, an'—

A gleam of light filtered through the bushes ahead, and presently they were just without the circle of brightness cast by a fire that, blazing cheerily, revealed a weird, wild scene. The fire-light shone on the despairing face of a man bound to a sapling—Sharpley. It lit up the stern, determined countenances—familiar, all of them, to the couple beyond the circle of light—of men intent upon executing what they considered just vengeance. The making of "moonshine" whisky, though nominated in the statutes of this great Government as a heinous offense, was regarded by them with extremely lenient eyes, while the giving of information leading to the capture of such offenders was considered the chief atrocity in the catalogue of man's crimes against his fellow-men.

The girl would have rushed forward, but Hamlin held her back, almost savagely. "Guilty, or not guilty?" old Jerry Pottle was asking of the group of stern-faced men about him.

"Guilty!"

"Sharpley," began old Jerry, gravely, "you've be'n found guilty, an'—"

"They'll kill him!" the girl gasped.

"Save—save—"

The hand of the man beside her closed fiercely on her arm.

"Let them!" he whispered, hissing.

"He came between—"

"But, he was goin' to take me away from here an' make a lady uv me!" the girl whispered, pleadingly.

"So will— But, I forgot— Ugly—ugly!"

"You've be'n found guilty," old Jerry was saying—"guilty uv givin' the information that sent the Riggs boys to prison—tore 'em away from their wives an' families, left the women to fill the hungry mouths uv their children as best they kin, an' sent 'em to a livin' death fer half uv their lives!"

The stern-faced men seemed to grasp their rifles more firmly.

"I reckon you know what punishment sech traitors as you git who sell men's lives fer a little money. Robbed 'em uv half uv their lives on this yere yearth because they made a little co'n into juice, 'stead uv meal!"

"Yes; I know!" answered Sharpley. "You'll murder me!"

"It hain't murder to rid the yearth uv a sneakin' houn' uv a spy. It's—"

"But I'm not guilty!" Sharpley interrupted, desperately. "Indeed, I did not give the information."

"Don't lie, Sharpley! The news that little Sol Bader got in town was straight. You gave the boys up, an'—"

"No—no! Not I!" cried Sharpley, in his desperation. It was—

"Who?" demanded old Jerry.

"Jacks Hamlin!" cried the wretched prisoner, as a last resort.

"You are a liar!" roared old Jerry. "Jacks Hamlin—"

"Is the guilty man?" uttered a steady voice.

A little squad of men who had crept noiselessly within hearing of the small group about the fire saw Hamlin stride resolutely into the light. He strode to where Sharpley was bound. A revolver was in his hand, and with it he waved back old Jerry and his little squad. Quickly drawing a knife, he severed Sharpley's bonds.

"There," he said, sternly, to the girl who had followed into the light, "I have saved him! Go—go with the man you love, and—may God bless you!"

Somehow, it almost seemed that, in the light of the great sacrifice he had made, Jacks Hamlin's unhandsome face looked less ugly. The girl never once looked at Sharpley, but kept her eyes fixed on Hamlin's face, pale, stern and ugly, and it somehow seemed to her just then the noblest face in the world.

"Come, Hannie," Sharpley said, eagerly, bestowing scarce a thought upon the man who had saved his life at the cost of the greatest sacrifice that a man can make. "Come, I'll take you out into the great world you wanted to see, and—"

"Go!" Hamlin said. "Go with the man you love, while you can! I—"

"But, I don't love him!" cried the girl. "I love you!"

"Hannie!"

Then she was sobbing on his breast, and the ugly face was bent to her with hair, and Hamlin forgot Sharpley, forgot the desperate men he had dared; and they, slow-witted always, had stood open-mouthed and motionless during the exciting moments that followed his appearance.

Then Sharpley turned to flee. The next instant he was confronted by a little squad of men who appeared as suddenly as if they had risen from the earth.

"Stop!" the leader cried, as old Jerry's

party closed their gaping mouths and raised their brown rifles.

"Who air you?" demanded Pottle.

"I'll tell you who!" cried Sharpley, interruptingly. "They are United States Marshal Keenan and his posse! And, now that I have such backing—"

"Our only business is with Sharpley," the Marshal said, sternly. "We have listened long enough to gather the gist of the story. In his capacity of spy, Sharpley did good work in delivering the Riggs boys to justice. The man who just saved his life had not the most remote connection with the matter."

It seemed that Sharpley had remained in the neighborhood on the plea that he was on the scent of an illicit distillery. Fearing that he would be recalled before he could accomplish his purpose, he sent in reports that led the Marshal to believe that there was an important capture all ready to be made. Hence the night-expedition.

"Now, I have only to say," added the Marshal, "that if there is a still in this neighborhood, that is a matter to be attended to at some other time. Young woman," he said, addressing Hannie, "your last choice was a wise one. Sharpley, the contemptible hound, is a married man, as I happen to know. The man whose arm is around you I never saw before, but he is a hero, and— Stop there, Sharpley!"

The spy had exhibited a desire to escape.

"We will take him away with us," added the Marshal. "And I shall take pleasure, not only in discharging him, but in kicking him soundly as well."

After they were gone, old Jerry's little squad stood motionless in their tracks, their slow wits almost refusing to grasp the situation.

"Wal," drawled old Jerry, "I'll jest be bodaciously switched!"

"Me, too!" agreed each of his comrades, as they turned to go.

Hannie and Jacks were the last of the procession that made its slow way through the dark timber, and the man's arm was around the girl's waist.

"But, I am afraid—won't you ever regret this, little woman?" Jacks whispered.

"None!" said the girl, positively. "Cause, you see, I love you too well!"

"But, I'm—I'm so ugly!"

"No, you hain't!" denied the girl, stoutly. "You hain't, an' you ort to be ashamed o' yourself to say so. An' you're so smart, an' good, tho', an'—I never knowed my own heart till I saw you offer to give up your life fer that—that houn'!"

"But, he promised to take you out into the great world, and—"

"Blame the great world! I don't want it! I jest want you!"

There followed a peculiar sound, that reached the ears of old Jerry Pottle.

"Wal, I'll jest be bodaciously switched, if I wain't that riled up by circumstances, so to speak, that I plumb fergot a important matter till that thar kessin' minded me uv it. Jacks, you kin have her; you're white. An', wal, if thar's anything on my place that you want to borrow, it's your'n long's you want it."

A little later, Jacks told Hannie the good news that he had intended to tell her when he had met her in the path returning from the spring.

"You see, I've been putting in my spare time for years studying medicine, and the other day I went to the city, and a well-known physician put me through a short examination. He said that theoretically I was well advanced, and that after acquiring the practical part of the science of medicine by a course under some experienced physician I would be well qualified to start to make a name for myself in my chosen profession. And I have hopes of succeeding so well that, sometime, Hannie, you can see all of the great, bright world that you have so longed to see. You know that a homely doctor can succeed as well as a—"

Then, she stopped her mouth with her hand.—Frank Leslie's.

Tidings From Pitcairn Island.

The clipper ship L. Schepp, which has arrived at Philadelphia from San Francisco, brought tidings of the inhabitants of that most interesting of all the South Pacific island settlements, Pitcairn Island. Captain Gates, the commander of the Schepp, says that he was much surprised to find on coming on deck one morning a boat-load of stalwart men approaching his vessel. An island was seen a short distance off the starboard bow, and on the boat getting within hailing distance, an aged and decrepit man in the bow shouted: "I am Thursday October Christian, Governor of Pitcairn Island. Christian said that the population of Pitcairn consisted of 115 men, women and children. Captain Gates ordered the yards aback, and in a few minutes eighteen men were on the ship's deck, all of whom bore evidence of English ancestry. He stated that he was the grandson of one of the mutineers, who, in 1789, set adrift the officers of the English armed transport ship Bounty. Several of the mutineers were afterward arrested and sent to England for trial. The Governor added that the use of tobacco and liquors was entirely unknown among the people of Pitcairn, and that the little colony were in need of dress goods, particularly for the women, as nearly all of the latter were dressed in men's clothes secured from passing vessels. A supply of clothing was given, and an abundance of fruit and provisions was sent on board the ship in exchange.—Times-Democrat.

In 1874 the Governor of Nebraska named the first Arbor Day.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO BROIL A BEEFSTEAK.

Have the steak cut an inch and a half thick. Lay it on a double broiler over a clear fire and let it become seared on both sides, to prevent the escape of the juice; then turn it constantly for ten or twelve minutes. Do not season until it is put on the hot platter.—New York Press.

COLD SLAW.

Cut the cabbage fine, and season it with salt and pepper. Put it in an earthenware bowl. Rub together a teaspoonful of flour, and butter the size of a walnut; pour over it two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, and stir smoothly on the stove; put it on the back of the stove, where it will keep hot but not boil, and add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Beat light the yolks of two eggs, a teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of mustard, and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Mix this with the hot mixture; replace on the stove, stirring well; let it come to a boil, and pour white hot over the cabbage.—Prairie Farmer.

SAUCES.

The simplest sauce for meats, fish and vegetables is made from water, melted butter and flour, seasoned with salt and pepper. Great care and exactness are required in making sauces. The flour must be corked in the butter, and the hot water added gradually. A good rule is, one pint of hot water, one-half cup of butter, two tablespoonfuls flour, salt and pepper. For the water, milk may be substituted, which gives white sauce; eggs, parsley, lemon, mustard, oysters and celery may be added, each giving a name to the sauce. Mint sauce is made from the tender leaves of mint, chopped fine and soaked an hour in sweetened vinegar—one cup chopped mint, one-fourth cup sugar, one-half cup of vinegar.—Detroit Free Press.

OLD FASHIONED YANKEE BREAD.

Sift two pounds of best flour on bread tray. Make a hollow place in the centre and drop in a piece of lard the size of a tablespoon. Dissolve one yeast cake in a little warm water and put that in with the lard and one teaspoonful of salt and half a teacup of sugar. Then mix it with lukewarm water until it is thick and turn it out on your molding board and mold it till it shines and does not stick to the board. You cannot mold it too much. Then put it back on the tray. Cover it with a cloth not very heavy and put it in a warm place till morning. When it becomes very light put it on the board again and mold it down till it is solid. Set it in a warm place, and as soon as it rises nicely mold it again and put it in buttered pans and bake immediately. This takes a little time, but you have good bread.

ROAST SPRING LAMB, MINT SAUCE.

Lamb is now reasonable enough in price to be served twice a week. Small families will find it profitable to buy a leg and loin; the leg to be roasted and the loin cut up and served as chops, or the loin may be roasted and cutlets made of the leg. Lamb requires salt, pepper and the best of butter added before roasting. The butter may be rolled in little balls or cakes, then dredged with flour. The roast should be nicely browned on the outside. Mint sauce is easily made. Chop up three or four sprigs of mint, add it to a gill of vinegar, add also half a teaspoonful of sugar. Mint sauce may be made in large quantities and bottled for use. The common spearmint is the kind of mint mostly used in sauces, and is supposed to be the mint spoken of in the New Testament: pennyroyal and peppermint are members of the same family.—New York Sun.

CHICKEN PIE.

Cut the chicken in pieces, unjointing and cutting the back into four parts. Wash thoroughly and place over a moderate fire, covering with cold water and adding pepper and salt. Boil until tender, when the chicken can be removed. Add a little thickening stirred with flour and water and boiled in the liquor for a gravy. Add a little butter if desired. For the crust make a light dough, as for baking powder biscuit, by rubbing butter two-thirds the size of an egg into three cups of flour, three teaspoons of baking powder, a pinch of salt, mixing with sweet milk sufficiently stiff to roll out. Place your chicken in your baking pan, which should hold at least three quarts. Cut a narrow strip of the dough and place around the top edge. Add enough of the gravy to make the pie moist. Cover the pie with the balance of the dough, cutting a long slit in the center, and pressing the outer edges securely together. Keep in a moderate oven from half to three quarters of an hour, or until it has boiled up and the crust is done. Serve from the pan in which it is cooked.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Drain pipes and all places that are sour or impure, may be cleaned with lime water or carbolic acid.

To keep eggs cool is a help in making frosting. Set them in the refrigerator after separating whites and yolks; they will beat in half the time.

To clean windows, wash them first with tepid water and a sponge; then dry them with old linen, and rub them clean; polish them with a newspaper.

If you wish to keep a sharp knife don't put it in hot grease; stir your potatoes while frying, or turn meat, with a fork or old case knife kept on purpose.

LOVE'S MITE.

Sweet sympathy is strong to aid,
And gentle tones have power to cheer;
'Twere hard for us if riches made
The sum of all our treasure here.

He who approved the widow's mite,
Knows well what triumphs Love has won;
And precious in His holy sight
Is every kindly action done.

—S. Gray.

AN UGLY FACE.

BY TOM P. MORGAN.

"An—an, you're so ugly, Jacks!" the girl added, with something like a little shudder.

"I know it, Hannie, but—" Half frightened at the look of anguish that her words had brought to the man's ugly face, the girl turned and sped along the timber-path that led from the big spring. The man covered his face with his hands and groaned. No one knew better than he just how unhandsome he was. As a boy, Jackson Hamlin had grown apathetically used to the sobriquet of "Ugly Jacks," and had so often sought some placid little "back-set" in the creek, and gazed at his reflection in it with a pitiful hope that he might be growing less deserving of the title, that every line and lineament of his ugly face was as familiar to his mental vision as if it was ever before his eyes. He had grown from an ugly child to an equally ugly man, grave and kindly, and differing greatly from the shiftless and "trifling" beings about him.

He wore the same fashionless garb as they, but he spoke little of the quaint dialect which they drawled. While they passed as much as possible of their time at anything but work, he cultivated his timber-farm. Or when, at night, the young men followed yelping curs on possum or 'coon hunts, or with their sisters and sweethearts disported themselves at the "hoe-down" dances, Jack Hamlin bowed over the home-made table in his bachelor cabin, and, by the light of a spluttering tallow-dip, conned books that looked so bloatedly full of wisdom that the casual and illiterate visitor regarded them almost reverently.

No one knew their contents, not even old Jerry Pottle's daughter, one of the few persons in the neighborhood—the Egypt of Southwestern Missouri—who could read. They looked too dry and ponderous to arouse her interest. But she liked to hear him tell of the great world—the world beyond the forest—beyond the limits of the State, even—the outside world of which she had seen nothing and he very little, but of which he knew much from reading.

And she liked, too, to hear him recite poetry—poetry that she, with her scanty education, could scarcely understand. And, at such times, she would, for a little while, forget his ugly face, the surroundings, the rickety, shookey-covered house where her father, old Jerry Pottle, calmly smoked and dozed in his back-tilted chair on the porch; forget the apathetic, shiftless, out-of-the-way world in which she existed, and live for the moment in the bright, far-off world of which the poem told.

This bright-faced, ragged maid had hopes—dreams that promised no shadow of fulfillment till Sharpley came. "You and I would have considered this Sharpley a very indifferent personage—rowdyish as to appearance, deficient as to grammar, and inclined to slovenliness of attire. But to Han he was very interesting indeed. He had been almost everywhere—at least he said so. He, too, could quote poetry—of a certain class. As a conversationalist he seemed almost a wonder to Han, for Sharpley's tongue was ready and his mind an inventive one, and the restrictions of truth bothered him little.

If Jacks Hamlin had dreamed dreams, he had said very little about them. But often at night, when he should have been studying those dry books, something would come between him and the printed page, and its text would go uncommitted, while he wove wreaths of happy fancies around the mental picture that kept him from studying—the bright, wild face of old Jerry Pottle's daughter. But he had said nothing of this to her, but had waited till—Then Sharpley came, from where no one knew, and for what no one could guess; and then Jacks was with her no more.

Jacks had made no complaint, but had kept closer to his farm during the days, and studied his dry books more fiercely at night. And Han scarcely missed him at all, for Sharpley was so often hovering about, and his conversation seemed always of things in which she was interested. And—well, it was so easy for Sharpley's agile tongue to promise anything, and listening, the girl almost forgot Jacks.

Few had known or cared when he disappeared for a few days, and then came back with one of the two great hopes of his life blossoming into realization.

"I'll tell it to her," he told himself. "Tell it to Hannie, and maybe—"

He met her in the shady path as she was returning with a bucket of water from the big spring, and started to tell her the story in a hurried, blundering way, beginning at the wrong end of the narrative and blurring out a little of the other great hope that he had so long cherished. But the girl would scarcely listen to him.

"I must hurry on," she said. "Mr.—somebody will be waitin' fer me."

"Somebody—Sharpley!" Jacks Hamlin said, bitterly. "That sneaking hound, that—"

"He's jest as smart as you are!" the girl retorted, angrily. "Jest as smart,

an' a heap nicer! He jest knows ever so much, an' is jest as nice-lookin' as he kin be, an—an—you're so ugly!"

"I know it, Hannie, but—" But she was speeding away down the path, spilling the water from the bucket at every step.

"Ugly!" the man groaned. "Don't I know just as well as anybody in the world how ugly I am? I— But it's that hound Sharpley that has changed her! She used to seem to like to have me around, and almost seemed to forget my ugly face. And I— Well, it's all over now! I dreamed; that was all! But if Sharpley—"

He did not finish the sentence, but strode along the wood-path in the direction that the girl had just taken. A moment later, as he rounded a bend in the path, he stopped suddenly. Before him, close to where the path left the timber at the edge of the clearing, two figures were standing, screened by a bush from the sight of old Jerry Pottle, drowsily smoking in his tilted chair on the porch of his shookey-covered domicile.

"Sharpley!" Jacks muttered, hoarsely. Sharpley's arm was around the girl as if he had sprung out from a handy hiding place and caught her, and although the girl struggled as maidenly modesty dictated, she did not seem greatly displeased. And as Jacks looked, Sharpley, holding her fast with his superior strength, bent her head back and kissed her. Then the girl broke away and bounded toward the house with the now almost empty bucket, and Sharpley strode down the path, whistling airily, and as he went on the girl stopped and looked after him.

He passed so close to Jacks, who had stepped behind a tangled bush, that the latter could have struck him to the earth. But Sharpley, unconscious of the proximity of the ugly face, that, darkened with hatred, looked half demoniacal as it peered at him, went on whistling as he strolled along the wooded path and round the bend, and the half-raised hand dropped at Hamlin's side. He left his concealment as if to follow the other, but turned, as there came a clatter of hoofs.

Before the girl had reached the house a small boy, mounted on a wheezy horse, dashed up to the rickety pole-fence and uttered a shrill whoop that aroused old Jerry Pottle so suddenly that he nearly fell out of his tilted chair. The old man hurried over to the fence, the boy imparted his message, and the steed dashed wheezingly away again, urged by the rain of kicks that the bare heels of his rider bestowed upon his rusty sides. As the girl reached the house, old Jerry emerged hurriedly, bearing a long brown rifle.

"Where are you goin', paw?" the girl asked.

"Hanner," said the old man, sternly, as he strode away, "shet yo'r mouth, 'an don't you darst to stir offen the place twell to-mor'."

Some event of much moment must be at hand. "Hanner" was only used at such rare intervals that the girl's proper name had been almost forgotten. Her father, kind in his shiftless way, usually considered "Han" sufficiently comprehensive, and few called her anything else, except Jacks. It had been "Hannie" with him, and then with Sharpley. Just now the girl did not remember but two previous occasions upon which he had dignified her as "Hanner." One was when his wife, her mother, had died. The other was only last week, when the Riggs "boys" had been arrested, and carried away on a journey that, after some delays, ended at the penitentiary, the said "boys" having been captured by a United States marshal and his posse while engaged in manufacturing "moonshine" whisky at a cleverly concealed still-house.

Old Jerry Pottle did not see Jacks Hamlin as he turned from the path and plunged into the timber. Now and then, as the homely man trudged toward his lonely home, he muttered, half aloud, in a dreary, despairing way. "It is all over, now!" he groaned. "Hannie—little Hannie!"

Night found Hamlin in his small house, bowed over his home-made table, seemingly savagely intent upon devouring the contents of one of the dry books. But the light of the spluttering candle could not dissipate the shadow that seemed obscuring the printed page—a shadow that, in spite of his determination, kept resolving itself into the face of a girl—a bright face framed in a tangle of wavy hair. He stared fiercely at the page before him, and passed his hand across his vision as if to brush away the shadow that, in spite of his effort to think of it no more, his thoughts would keep bringing up. And when, in angry despair, he turned away from the book, the face was before his vision still. "Hannie! Hannie!" he said, half aloud. "I—"

There came a pattering of footsteps without in the darkness, and a little figure with frightened face and panting breath staggered in at the open door and sank into the first chair.

"Hannie!" cried the man, in astonishment.

"Oh, Jacks!" gasped the girl. "Save him! Save him! They are goin' to kill him, an—"

It was evident that she was terribly frightened about something.

"They'll kill him—kill him!" she wailed. "An—an he was goin' to take me away from here an' show me all the great world, an' make a lady uv me—an' I'd never have to wear these ole ragged cloze no more. An—an now they're goin' to kill him! They drove me away when I tried to plead with them—my ole father shoved me away an' called him a

spy. An' you'll save him! You can—you can! You know so much, an—"

"Him? Who? Sharpley?"

"Yes. He was goin' to take me out into the big, bright world, an—an now they are goin' to kill him—"

"Was he going to make you his wife?" the man asked, sternly.

"Deed an' double he was, an—"

"Come!" was all the man said.

They left the house and hurried away in the darkness, the man striding along at a terrific pace, seemingly unmindful of the snags and brambles that clutched him now and then, often tearing his clothes and scratching his flesh. The girl ran at his side, telling more of the story—in a gasping, excited, half-incoherent way.

That night Sharpley was to have taken the girl away—away out into the great, bright world. But, while Sharpley was waiting at the trysting-place, they had come and dragged him away. And now, they were going to kill him, she moaned—kill him, an—

A gleam of light filtered through the bushes ahead, and presently they were just without the circle of brightness cast by a fire that, blazing cheerily, revealed a weird, wild scene. The fire-light shone on the despairing face of a man bound to a sapling—Sharpley. It lit up the stern, determined countenances—familiar, all of them, to the couple beyond the circle of light—of men intent upon executing what they considered just vengeance. The making of "moonshine" whisky, though nominated in the statutes of this great Government as a heinous offense, was regarded by them with extremely lenient eyes, while the giving of information leading to the capture of such offenders was considered the chief atrocity in the catalogue of man's crimes against his fellow-men.

The girl would have rushed forward, but Hamlin held her back, almost savagely.

"Guilty, or not guilty?" old Jerry Pottle was asking of the group of stern-faced men about him.

"Guilty!"

"Sharpley," began old Jerry, gravely, "you've be'n found guilty, an—"

"They'll kill him!" the girl gasped.

"Save—save—"

The hand of the man beside her closed fiercely on her arm.

"Let them!" he whispered, hissing.

"He came between—"

"But, he was goin' to take me 'way from here an' make a lady uv me!" the girl whispered, pleadingly.

"So will—but, I forgot—Ugly—ugly!"

"You've be'n foun' guilty," old Jerry was saying—"guilty uv givin' the information that sent the Riggs boys to prison—tore 'em away from their wives an' families, left the women to fill the hungry mouths uv their children as best they kin, an' sent 'em to a livin' death fer half uv their lives!"

The stern-faced men seemed to grasp their rifles more firmly.

"I reckon you know what punishment sech traitors as you git who sell men's lives fer a little money. Robbed 'em uv half uv their lives on this yere yearth because they made a little co'n into juice, 'stead uv meal!"

"Yes; I know!" answered Sharpley. "You'll murder me!"

"It hain't murder to rid the yearth uv a sneakin' houn' uv a spy. It's—"

"But I'm not guilty!" Sharpley interrupted, desperately. "Indeed, I did not give the information."

"Don't lie, Sharpley! The news that little Sol Bender got in town was straight. You gave the boys up, an—"

"No—no! Not I!" cried Sharpley, in his desperation. It was—

"Who?" demanded old Jerry.

"Jacks Hamlin!" cried the wretched prisoner, as a last resort.

"You are a liar!" roared old Jerry.

"Jacks Hamlin—"

"Is the guilty man!" uttered a steady voice.

A little squad of men who had crept noiselessly within hearing of the small group about the fire saw Hamlin stride resolutely into the light. He strode to where Sharpley was bound. A revolver was in his hand, and with it he waved back old Jerry and his little squad. Quickly drawing a knife, he severed Sharpley's bonds.

"There," he said, sternly, to the girl who had followed into the light, "I have saved him! Go—go with the man you love, and—and may God bless you!" Somehow, it almost seemed that, in the light of the great sacrifice he had made, Jacks Hamlin's unhandsome face looked less ugly. The girl never once looked at Sharpley, but kept her eyes fixed on Hamlin's face, pale, stern and ugly, and it somehow seemed to her just then the noblest face in the world.

"Come, Hannie," Sharpley said, eagerly, bestowing scarce a thought upon the man who had saved his life at the cost of the greatest sacrifice that a man can make. "Come, I'll take you out into the great world you wanted to see, and—"

"Go!" Hamlin said. "Go with the man you love, while you can! I—"

"But, I don't love him!" cried the girl. "I love you!"

"Hannie!"

Then she was sobbing on his breast, and the ugly face was bent to her wild hair, and Hamlin forgot Sharpley, forgot the desperate men he had dared; and they, slow-witted always, had stood open-mouthed and motionless during the exciting moments that followed his appearance.

Then Sharpley turned to flee. The next instant he was confronted by a little squad of men who appeared as suddenly as if they had risen from the earth.

"Stop!" the leader cried, as old Jerry's

party closed their gaping mouths and raised their brown rifles.

"Who air you?" demanded Pottle.

"I'll tell you who!" cried Sharpley, interruptingly. "They are United States Marshal Keenan and his posse! And, now that I have such backing—"

"Our only business is with Sharpley," the Marshal said, sternly. "We have listened long enough to gather the gist of the story. In his capacity of spy, Sharpley did good work in delivering the Riggs boys to justice. The man who just saved his life had not the most remote connection with the matter."

It seemed that Sharpley had remained in the neighborhood on the plea that he was on the scent of an illicit distillery. Fearing that he would be recalled before he could accomplish his purpose, he sent in reports that led the Marshal to believe that there was an important capture all ready to be made. Hence the night-expedition.

"Now, I have only to say," added the Marshal, "that if there is a still in this neighborhood, that is a matter to be attended to at some other time. Young woman," he said, addressing Hannie, "your last choice was a wise one. Sharpley, the contemptible hound, is a married man, as I happen to know. The man whose arm is around you I never saw before, but he is a hero, and— Stop there, Sharpley!"

The spy had exhibited a desire to escape.

"We will take him away with us," added the Marshal. "And I shall take pleasure, not only in discharging him, but in kicking him soundly as well."

After they were gone, old Jerry's little squad stood motionless in their tracks, their slow wits almost refusing to grasp the situation.

"Wal," drawled old Jerry, "I'll jest be bodasiously switched!"

"Me, too!" agreed each of his comrades, as they turned to go.

Hannie and Jacks were the last of the procession that made its slow way through the dark timber, and the man's arm was around the girl's waist.

"But, I am afraid—won't you ever regret this, little woman?" Jacks whispered.

"Nope!" said the girl, positively. "Cause, you see, I love you too well!"

"But, I'm—I'm so ugly!"

"No, you hain't," denied the girl, stoutly. "You hain't, an' you ort to be ashamed o' yourself to say so. An' you're so smart, an' good, too, an—I never knowed my own heart till I saw you offer to give up your life fer that—that houn'!"

"But, he promised to take you out into the great world, and—"

"Blame the great world! I don't want it! I jest want you!"

There followed a peculiar sound, that reached the ears of old Jerry Pottle.

"Wal, I'll jest be bodasiously switched if I wa'n't that riled up by circumstances, so to speak, that I plumb ferget a important matter till that thar kissin' minded me uv it. Jacks, you kin have her; you're white. An', wal, if thar's anything on my place that you want to borrow, it's your'n long's you want it."

A little later, Jacks told Hannie the good news that he had intended to tell her when he had met her in the path returning from the spring.

"You see, I've been putting in my spare time for years studying medicine, and the other day I went to the city, and a well-known physician put me through a short examination. He said that theoretically I was well advanced, and that after acquiring the practical part of the science of medicine by a course under some experienced physician I would be well qualified to start to make a name for myself in my chosen profession. And I have hopes of succeeding so well that, sometime, Hannie, you can see all of the great, bright world that you have so longed to see. You know that a homely doctor can succeed as well as a—"

Then, she stopped his mouth with her hand.—*Frank Leslie's.*

Tidings From Pitcairn Island.

The clipper ship L. Schepp, which has arrived at Philadelphia from San Francisco, brought tidings of the inhabitants of that most interesting of all the South Pacific island settlements, Pitcairn Island. Captain Gates, the commander of the Schepp, says that he was much surprised to find on coming on deck one morning a boat-load of stalwart men approaching his vessel. An island was seen a short distance off the starboard bow, and on the boat getting within hailing distance, an aged and decrepit man in the bow shouted: "I am Thursday October Christian, Governor of Pitcairn Island. Christian said that the population of Pitcairn consisted of 115 men, women and children. Captain Gates ordered the yards aback, and in a few minutes eighteen men were on the ship's deck, all of whom bore evidence of English ancestry. He stated that he was the grandson of one of the mutineers, who, in 1789, set adrift the officers of the English armed transport ship Bounty. Several of the mutineers were afterward arrested and sent to England for trial. The Governor added that the use of tobacco and liquors was entirely unknown among the people of Pitcairn, and that the little colony were in need of dress goods, particularly for the women, as nearly all of the latter were dressed in men's clothes secured from passing vessels. A supply of clothing was given, and an abundance of fruit and provisions was sent on board the ship in exchange. —*Times-Democrat.*

In 1874 the Governor of Nebraska named the first Arbor Day.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO BROIL A BEEFSTEAK.

Have the steak cut an inch and a half thick. Lay it on a double broiler over a clear fire and let it become seared on both sides, to prevent the escape of the juice; then turn it constantly for ten or twelve minutes. Do not season until it is put on the hot platter.—*New York Press.*

COLD SLAW.

Cut the cabbage fine, and season it with salt and pepper. Put it in an earthenware bowl. Rub together a teaspoonful of flour, and butter the size of a walnut; pour over it two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, and stir smoothly on the stove; put it on the back of the stove, where it will keep hot but not boil, and add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Beat light the yolks of two eggs, a teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of mustard, and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Mix this with the hot mixture; replace on the stove, stirring well; let it come to a boil, and pour while hot over the cabbage.—*Prairie Farmer.*

SAUCES.

The simplest sauce for meats, fish and vegetables is made from water, melted butter and flour, seasoned with salt and pepper. Great care and exactness are required in making sauces. The flour must be corked in the butter, and the hot water added gradually. A good rule is, one pint of hot water, one-half cup of butter, two tablespoonfuls flour, salt and pepper. For the water, milk may be substituted, which gives white sauce; eggs, parsley, lemon, mustard, oysters and celery may be added, each giving a name to the sauce. Mint sauce is made from the tender leaves of mint, chopped fine and soaked an hour in sweetened vinegar—one cup chopped mint, one-fourth cup sugar, one-half cup of vinegar.—*Detroit Free Press.*

OLD FASHIONED YANKEE BREAD.

Sift two pounds of best flour on bread tray. Make a hollow place in the centre and drop in a piece of lard the size of a tablespoon. Dissolve one yeast cake in a little warm water and put that in with the lard and one teaspoonful of salt and half a teacup of sugar. Then mix it with lukewarm water until it is thick and turn it out on your molding board and mold it till it shines and does not stick to the board. You cannot mold it too much. Then put it back on the tray. Cover it with a cloth not very heavy and put it in a warm place till morning. When it becomes very light put it on the board again and mold it down till it is solid. Set it in a warm place, and as soon as it rises nicely mold it again and put it in buttered pans and bake immediately. This takes a little time, but you have good bread.

ROAST SPRING LAMB, MINT SAUCE.

Lamb is now reasonable enough in price to be served twice a week. Small families will find it profitable to buy a leg and loin; the leg to be roasted and the loin cut up and served as chops, or the loin may be roasted and cutlets made of the leg. Lamb requires salt, pepper and the best of butter added before roasting. The butter may be rolled in little balls or cakes, then dredged with flour. The roast should be nicely browned on the outside. Mint sauce is easily made. Chop up three or four sprigs of mint, add it to a gill of vinegar, add also half a teaspoonful of sugar. Mint sauce may be made in large quantities and bottled for use. The common spearmint is the kind of mint mostly used in sauces, and is supposed to be the mint spoken of in the New Testament: pennyroyal and peppermint are members of the same family.—*New York Sun.*

CHICKEN PIE.

Cut the chicken in pieces, unjointing and cutting the back into four parts. Wash thoroughly and place over a moderate fire, covering with cold water and adding pepper and salt. Boil until tender, when the chicken can be removed. Add a little thickening stirred with flour and water and boiled in the liquor for a gravy. Add a little butter if desired. For the crust make a light dough, as for baking powder biscuit, by rubbing butter two-thirds the size of an egg into three cups of flour, three teaspoons of baking powder, a pinch of salt, mixing with sweet milk sufficiently stiff to roll out. Place your chicken in your baking pan, which should hold at least three quarts. Cut a narrow strip of the dough and place around the top edge. Add enough of the gravy to make the pie moist. Cover the pie with the balance of the dough, cutting a long slit in the center, and pressing the outer edges securely together. Keep in a moderate oven from half to three quarters of an hour, or until it has boiled up and the crust is done. Serve from the pan in which it is cooked.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Drain pipes and all places that are sour or impure, may be cleaned with lime water or carbolic acid.

To keep eggs cool is a help in making frosting. Set them in the refrigerator after separating whites and yolks; they will beat in half the time.

To clean windows, wash them first with tepid water and a sponge; then dry them with old linen, and rub them clean; polish them with a newspaper.

If you wish to keep a sharp knife don't put it in hot grease; stir your potatoes while frying, or turn meat, with a fork or old case knife kept on purpose.

IN NATURE'S SOLITUDES.

Within the hollow of the hills
The silent river flows,
Its listless water softly thrills
The flag that in it grows;
Beyond its sloping banks, where bloom
Red lilies, crimson died,
The low pines cast their fragrant gloom
Along the mountain side.

High peaks beyond them gleam with snow,
Above the rocky line
Where restless winds forever blow,
And sapless mosses shine;
But here, where grasses slowly bend
Before the whispering breeze,
From clover tufts to daisies, wend
The pollen-dusted bees.

The birds in yonder maple sing
In low, entrancing notes,
While poised aloft on tireless wing,
A watchful eagle floats;
And higher still, in purple deeps
Of sunlit, summer sky,
Like windless sails where ocean sleeps,
The white clouds moveless lie.

No sign of human life is seen,
And save for bird and bee,
And whisper of the grasses green,
Wherever the wind is free,
There is no sound, and all the place
Is full of peaceful rest,
And that supreme, effaceful grace,
Which says, "God knoweth best."

Yet man will win this listless stream
Sometime to do his will,
And golden harvest sheaves will gleam,
Along yon sloping hill;
And orchard trees, with blossoms sweet,
Will hear low-spoken words,
What time young folk, with lingering feet,
List to the mating birds.

—T. S. Collier, in *Youth's Companion*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Lays of spring—Fresh eggs.
A bouncing baby—A rubber doll.
A stern necessity—A boat's tiller.
Motto for a cooper—"Hoop it tub."
Threat of a kind—A cow and two calves.

In their journey through life many take
The bridal path.

It is not imperative that an omnibus
Should have a rider.

The stock farmer is a man of good
breeding.—*Merchant Traveler*.

Employers who would keep upon their
feet must not allow their hands to be
idle.

Bill Tell's boy is remembered in history
because he had an arrow escape.—*Texas
Siftings*.

If none but bakers played the game of
baseball one might readily account for
the mudlin'.

Would it be the proper thing to speak
of a literary contest as a "skull race?"—*The
Ocean*.

"Better late than never" is hardly a
suitable motto for the man who travels
much by rail.

The literary reviewer can blow up a
nagazine with entire personal safety.—*Merchant
Traveler*.

Some merchants appear to get along
swimmingly while others can scarcely
keep themselves afloat.

If you should meet a lion, either hit
him hard or run; don't stop to stick pins
in him.—*Atchison Globe*.

It does not augur well for the success
of a social gathering to have many bores
in it.—*Baltimore American*.

When a good dog points to game the
hunter's gun is expected to speak to the
point.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

We would like to know if a house-
painter by any license of speech can be
called a hue-er of wood.—*Binghamton
Republican*.

Doubtless no true soldier would con-
sent to act as a fence; and, yet, such a
one has often been known to do picket
duty.—*Detroit Free Press*.

When a woman steps out on the back
porch with her arms rolled up in her
apron it is a sign to her neighbor that she
has something to tell her.—*Atchison
Globe*.

A clergyman's prescription to young
men who desire to get on in the world is
to "mix brains with self-denial." That's
good doctrine for those who have the
brains to start with.

It seems as if the proper thing to do,
upon discovering the approach of a
cyclone, would be to secrete one's self in
a cellar and wait for the affair to blow
over.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Judge—"At first you stole \$60, and
then afterward \$40. Are you never going
to do better?" Criminal—"Why, your
Honor, I did better that time by
\$20."—*Pflege Blatter*.

Highwayman—"Hold up your hands!"
Pedestrian—"My dear sir, I have just
returned from Oklahoma." "The duce
you have! Well, you can get a good free
lunch on the next block. Good even-
ing."—*Lincoln Journal*.

Judge—"You are charged with run-
ning a game of chance. What have you
to say?" Accused—"It was not a game
of chance, your Honor. No outsiders
had the slightest possible chance of win-
ning."—*Omaha World*.

Miss Silly (to her lover)—"You had
better be careful when you come up to
the house now, Charlie. Father has got
a big dog." Charlie—"When did he get
him?" "Yesterday." "He ought him of
Miss Flirty's father." "Oh, that dog,
hey? I ain't afraid of him; he hasn't any
teeth."—*Louisville Post*.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

George Washington's name is found
twelve times in the New York city di-
rectory.

The theory of the eclipses is said to
have been known to the Chinese before
120 B. C.

Zoar Bridge, Conn., has a horse that,
in drinking from brooks laps up the water
like a dog.

The cattle of the most valuable herd
in the Northwest are given homeopathic
treatment exclusively.

It is said that during a series of twenty-
one years there has been only one drought
extending over the whole of Kansas.

Astronomy was cultivated in Egypt
and Chaldea 2800 B. C.; in Persia, 3209;
in India, 3103, and in China, 2952.

The invention of stereotype printing
belongs to William Gill, a Scotch gold-
smith, who first designed this method at
Edinburgh, in 1736.

A remarkable subterranean waterway
has been discovered at Salamonie Stone
Quarries, twelve miles north of Hartford
City, Ind., and is thought to be the out-
let of a cave.

The newest feature of personal adorn-
ment is made up of hairs from the tail
of the African elephant, made into watch
guards and bracelets. The elephant is
now becoming so scarce that his relics
are said to be very fashionable.

It is stated that the following lang-
uages are spoken on the main street of
Deadwood: English, German, French,
Italian, Chinese, Norwegian, Swedish,
Finnish, Scandinavian, Russian, Irish,
Spanish, Hebrew, Slavonian—fourteen,
with possibly a few overlooked.

Old Christ Church, Alexandria, of
which one George Washington was some
time a vestryman, had twice a woman-
sexton. In 1776, Susannah Edwards
seated the congregation, "each according
to his dignity." From 1810 to 1821 a
Mrs. Cook held sway, and it is said would
lock the people in their pews and patrol
the aisles in a most martial manner. She
was also a terror to such as infringed the
decorum of the place. So it is no wonder
she was retired upon a pension long
before her usefulness was past.

The Famous Peachblow Vase.

The famous peachblow vase was im-
ported from China at a cost of \$10,000.
Mrs. Mary J. Morgan, of New York,
bought it for \$15,000. Its history is
thus related by a correspondent: "The
next step in the history of the vase was
its sale with the effects to Mrs. Mary J.
Morgan on March 9, 1886. While ex-
hibiting it in the galleries, the curiosity
excited was very great. Some persons
even asked the privilege of kissing it,
since, they said, they could not own it.
Groups of people were always gathered in
front of the vase, and made many and
various remarks about it. Expressions of
surprise over its reported value were most
frequent. Finally when the day of the
sale arrived, there was a tiptoe of excite-
ment over the matter. The auctioneer
pointed to the modest thing and asked if
he could have a bid of \$5000 for it. At
this price it was started, and crept up
gradually until it reached \$18,000, at
which it was knocked down—but to
whom? This question has never yet
been satisfactorily answered. Among
those who were bidding for the
vase was Mr. Sutton, of the Amer-
ican art galleries. His instructions
were not to pay more than \$20,000 for
the vase. It was sold for \$18,000, and
Mr. Sutton was the buyer. It has been
said that he bought the vase for himself,
but he did not. He bought it under in-
structions for William T. Walters, of Bal-
timore, and the little treasure is now in
that city, where it now rests in a closet,
hidden away from the eyes even of Mr.
Walters's friends. A few days after the
sale Mr. Walters denied having bought it,
according to a correspondent of the
Tribune. The only explanation given of
this evasion has been that Mr. Walters
was afraid of the notoriety which the pos-
session would give him. He refused to
have his name connected with the pur-
chase, but it is, nevertheless, a fact that
he has it now, but he probably does not
get much comfort from its possession.—
Atlanta Constitution.

Hypnotized by the Phonograph.

Dr. Pinel, of Paris, has succeeded in
hypnotizing several subjects by means of
the phonograph. All the commands
given through this channel were as readily
obeyed as those uttered directly, and
"suggestions" of every possible sort were
as effectually communicated through the
medium of the machine as if made viva
voce. The conclusion deduced by Dr.
Pinel is that the theory of a magnetic
current passing from the operator to the
subject is entirely baseless, and that the
real cause of the phenomena of hypnotism
is nervous derangement on the part of
those subject to them.—*Electrical World*.

The Pretzel's Era.

The pretzel, which for many years has
only been associated with elderly Germans
carrying baskets, have of late come into
prominence as a staple article of com-
merce, the rival of the cracker and the
biscuit, and its family consumption is
certainly on the increase. Capital has
taken hold of the business, and there are
now two large bakeries in the city which
turn out pretzels exclusively. They are
now made in a dozen different designs.
A pretzel is made by soaking the dough
before baking in wood ley ashes which
gives it that crisp and impervious surface.
A pretzel properly made will keep for
five years in any climate.—*Star-Sayings*.

Humorous Selections.

A THOROUGH-BRED gentleman—the
baker.

ANNIE-MATION suspended—when in a
hammock.

HAVE we read "How She Managed Him?"
No-o-o-o no use. Don't we know how
twas done?

"Those who use our goods are very much
attached to them," is what a porous-plaster
company advertises.

CANADA would be wiser to establish a
three-mile limit for American defaulters
rather than for American fishermen.

CAN'T something be done to civil-eyes
the tribe of young savages who stare at all
the pretty young ladies on our streets?

A story entitled "The Penitless
Maiden" has just been issued. It will have
very little interest for the modern youth.

We see a lengthy article going the
rounds of the papers headed "How to Man-
age a Wife." We didn't read it; no use.

NO MAN appreciates more the irresistible
power of the press than the unlucky wretch
who has just got his fingers caught in the
machinery.

A YOUNG man has a scrap book contain-
ing the marriage notices of all the women
that he has loved, and he sits out in the
moonlight and reads it and cries.

Is It any Wonder

that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery
cures all other blood and liver medicines,
since it possesses such superior curative prop-
erties as to warrant its manufacturers in sup-
plying it to the people (as they are doing,
through druggists) under conditions such as no
other medicine is sold under, viz: that it must
either benefit or cure the patient, or the money
paid for it will be promptly returned. It cures
all diseases arising from deranged liver, or
from impure blood, as biliousness, "liver com-
plaint," all skin and scalp diseases, cat-
arrh, tetter, scurvy, sores and swellings,
fever-sores, hip-joint disease and kindred ail-
ments.

\$500 Reward for an incurable case of chronic
Nasal Catarrh offered by the manufacturers of
Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents, by drug-
gists.

Those who understand the value of
time treat it as people do their money
—they make a little go a great way.—
Hemlock.

Dobbins's Electric Soap has been made for 24
years. Each year sales have increased. In
1885 sales were \$247,000. It is a superior qual-
ity, and absolute uniformity and purity made
this possible. Do you use it? Try it.

A steel mat for the office of the Hotel
Richelieu, Chicago, is 44 feet long and
1 foot wide, the largest ever made in the
world in one piece.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant
crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock coun-
try in the world. Full information, write to
Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Ore.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from
that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly
trying every known remedy, at last found a
prescription which completely cured and saved
him from death. Any sufferer from this dread-
ful disease sending a self-addressed stamped
envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 War on
St., N. Y., will receive the recipe free of charge.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac
Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c.
per bottle.

**Hood's
Sarsaparilla
100
Doses
One Dollar**

Vigor and Vitality are quickly given to every
part of the body by Hood's Sarsaparilla. That tired
feeling is overcome, the blood is purified and vital-
ized, stomach strengthened, appetite restored.

Taking Time By The Forelock.

As a general rule diseases do not spring upon us
at once in all their virulence. On the contrary, they
usually creep upon us stealthily, to take us off our
guard. They steal upon us first as small ailments,
to which we are apt to pay little attention. Slowly
these ailments increase in numbers and in severity
until, before we are aware of it, they have de-
veloped into serious af-
fections and dangerous complications. How the wise man and
woman will not wait until this serious stage of affairs,
but will destroy disease in the bud by taking PE-RU-
NA from time to time. For sale by all druggists. \$1 a
bottle; 6 for \$5. Manufactured by
THE PERUNA MED. CO., Columbus, O.

LOOK AT THIS!

Cheapest and best German-
American Dictionary at
the unprecedentedly low price
of \$1.00. It is a dictionary
bound in black cloth. English
words with German equiva-
lents and German words with
English equivalents, with brief
definitions, so that if you hear
a German word and want to
know its English meaning, or
if you want to translate an En-
glish word into German, you can
look it up in this dictionary.
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experienced man, a fortune, an opportunity
for people with limited means. Send stamp for par-
ticulars. TYLETT & CO., Kansas City, Mo.

\$25 An Hour Made by our Agents.
THE DR. PERKINS MEDICAL CO.,
Richmond, Virginia.

\$5 to \$5 a day. Samples worth \$2.15 Free.
Lines not under 100 feet. Write Dr. Per-
kins Safety Reinforced Co., Holly, Mich.

IS YOUR FARM FOR SALE or do you wish
to buy a farm? Write to-day to
H. S. BARNES & CO., 30 Broadway, N. Y.

PEERLESS DYES ARE THE BEST.
PAULUS BROS. CO., 11 E. Philadelphia, Pa.
Sole and general agents. \$5.00. Write for circular.

Agents wanted. \$1 an hour. 5 new articles, 100
and samples free. C. E. Mat. has, Lockport, N. Y.

**For Cure of
SPRAINS & STRAINS
USE
St. Jacobs Oil
Cures
Promptly and Permanently
WITHOUT RETURN OF PAIN.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE.
THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO. BALTO. MD.**

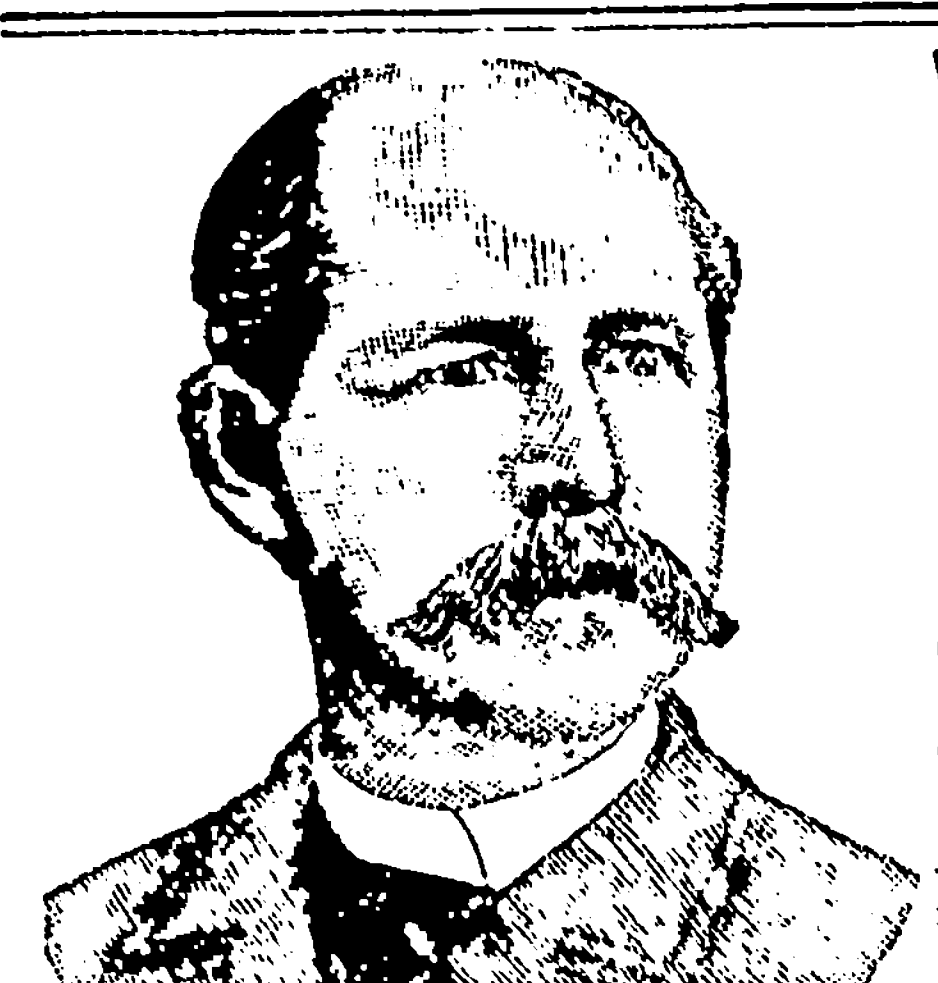


Finally I took Swift's Specific, and soon began to
improve. After a while was at my work, and for the
past five months have been as well as I ever was—all
from the effects of Swift's Specific.

Jan. 8, 1889. John RAY,
St. Wayne, Ind.
Books on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
—WITT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

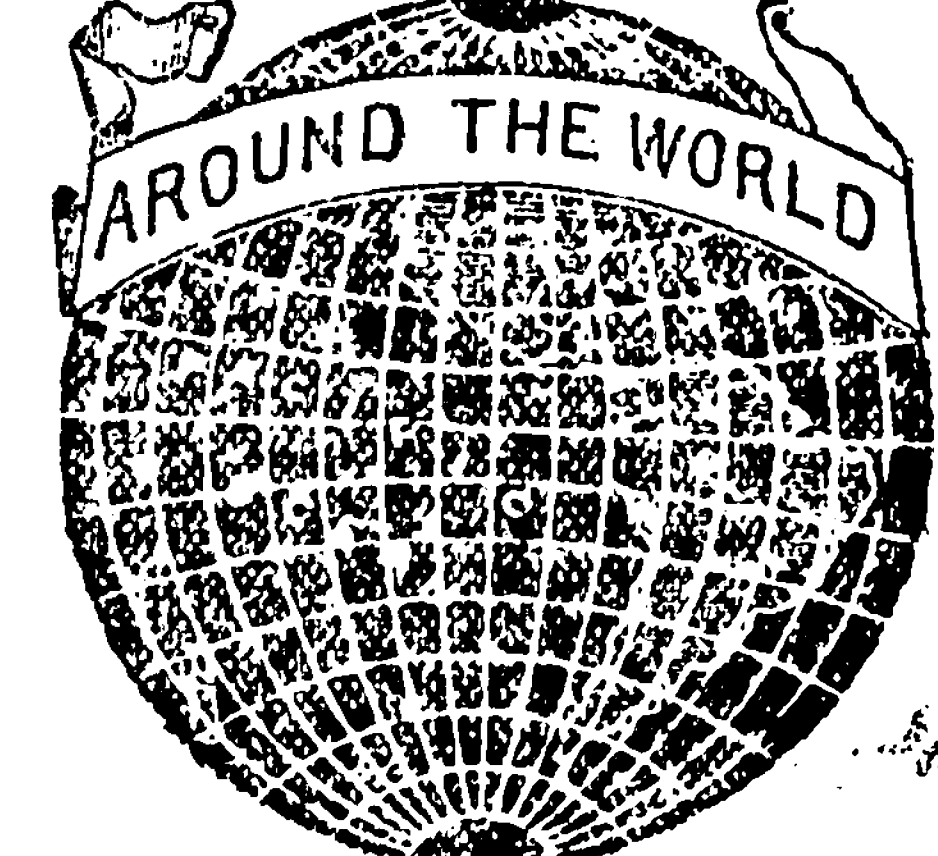
HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Business Forms,
Penmanship, etc. All the latest and best, and
thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free.
Bryant's College, 457 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

PATENTS F. A. LOHMANN,
Washington, D. C.
Send for circular.



CAUTION W. L. DOUGLAS' name and the price are stamped on
the bottom of all shoes advertised by him before leaving his
factory; this protects the wearers against high prices and
inferior shoes. If you have shoes without W. L. DOUGLAS' name
and price stamped on them, and say they are his shoes, or just as good, do not be
deceived thereby. Dealers make more profit on unknown shoes that are not war-
ranted by anybody; therefore do not be induced to buy shoes that have no reputa-
tion. Buy only those that have W. L. DOUGLAS' name and the price
stamped on the bottom, and you are sure to get full value for your money.
Thousands of dollars are saved annually in this country by the wearers of
W. L. DOUGLAS' shoes.
If your order will not get you the kind or style you want, send your order
direct to his factory, with the price enclosed, and they will be sent you by
return mail, postage free, conveniently, no matter where you live, you
can always get W. L. DOUGLAS' shoes. Be sure and state size
and width you wear; if not sure, send for an order blank
giving full instructions how to get a perfect fit.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



**Colored Maps of each State and Territory in the United States.
Also Maps of every Country in the World**

The letter press gives the square miles of each State; time of
settlement; population; chief cities; average temperature; salary
of officials and the principal postmasters in the State; number of
farms, with their productions and the value thereof; different
manufactures and number of employees, etc., etc. Also the area
of each Foreign Country; form of government; population; prin-
cipal products and their money value; amount of trade; religion;
size of army; miles of railroad and telegraph; number of horses,
cattle, sheep, and a vast amount of information valuable to all.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE ONE.

All newspaper readers are constantly needing an Atlas for
reference in order to intelligently understand the article they are
perusing. It is surprising how much information is thus stored
away in the memory, and how soon one becomes familiar with
the chief points concerning all the Nations of the World.

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BOOK PUB. HOUSE, 134 Leonard St., New York City.

JOSEPH H. HUNTER, ATTORNEY, WASHINGTON,
D. C. WILL GET YOU
PENSION WITHOUT DELAY.

Here It Is!

Want to learn all about a
Horse? How to Pick Out a
Good One? Know imperfec-
tions and so Guard against
Fraud? Detect Disease and
Infected Cures when animals
are Teeth? What to call; in Different Parts of the
Animal? How to Shoe a Horse Properly? All this
and other valuable information can be obtained by
reading our 100-PAGE ILLUSTRATED
HORSE BOOK, which we will forward, post-
paid, on receipt of only 25 cents in stamps.

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**FRAZER AXLE
GREASE**
BEST IN THE WORLD. Sold Every where.

YOU NEED IT!

"I have a huge Dictionary, but it is so much work
to look up words, that I am inclined to shut
it up. Your 'HANDY DICTIONARY' is always by me and
I look out words on the instant, so the information
is impressed on my mind."—*Correspondent*.

**Webster's Illustrated
HANDY DICTIONARY**
Thousands of Words Defined.
Hundreds of Pictures. Abbreviations Explained. Ordina-
ry Foreign Phrases Trans-
lated. Metric System of
Weights and Measures.
Printed in small, clear type, on the
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who that reads a few every day come across
words whose meaning he does not know and which
he cannot pronounce or spell? Hence the demand
for a handy dictionary that is always by him and
which he can always refer to for definition. Such a work
is a volume as much as a large un-
usually volume, and therefore a greater educator.
As the spelling and pronunciation of many com-
mon words have been changed during the last 50
years, people owning the old-fashioned dictionaries
need a modern one. Here it is at a trifling cost.
Postpaid for 25c. in stamps, or 5c. in cash.

**BOOK PUBLISHING HOUSE,
134 Leonard St., N. Y. City.**

PNU 23

**Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the
Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.**

CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail.
50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

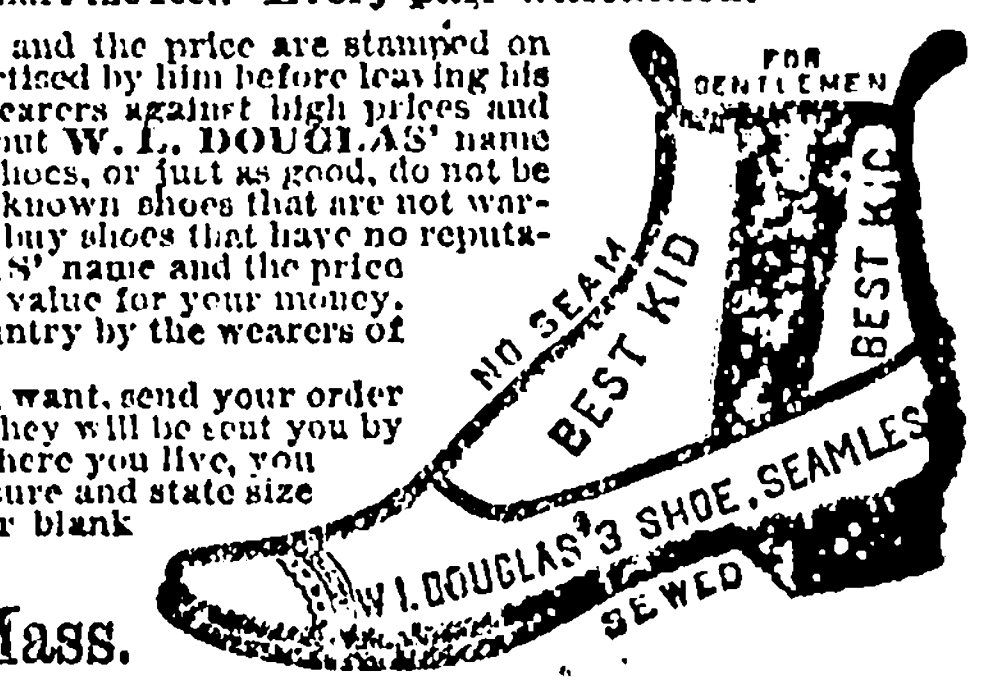
PENSION JOHN W. MOHRIS,
Late Principal Examiner,
U. S. Pension Bureau, Atty.
at Law, Washington,
D. C., successfully prosecutes claims—original,
increased, re-rating, widows', children's and depen-
dent relatives'. Experience: 8 years in that war. 15
years in Pension Bureau, and attorney since then.

W. L. DOUGLAS
FOR
GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. Examined his
\$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.
\$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE.
\$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE.
\$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE.
\$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE.
\$2.00 GOOD-WEAR SHOE.
\$2.00 and \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 & \$2 SHOES FOR
LADIES.

Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.
W. L. Douglas' \$3.00 Shoe, shown in cut below, is
made of fine calf, on lasts modeled for the foot, smooth
inside as hand-sewed shoes, and no tacks or wax thread
to hurt the feet. Every pair warranted.



CHEAPEST

FAMILY ATLAS

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ONLY 25 CENTS.

191 Pages, 91 Full-Page Maps.

**Colored Maps of each State and Territory in the United States.
Also Maps of every Country in the World**

**The letter press gives the square miles of each State; time of
settlement; population; chief cities; average temperature; salary
of officials and the principal postmasters in the State; number of
farms, with their productions and the value thereof; different
manufactures and number of employees, etc., etc. Also the area
of each Foreign Country; form of government; population; prin-
cipal products and their money value; amount of trade; religion;
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Here It Is!

Want to learn all about a
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Infected Cures when animals
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Animal? How to Shoe a Horse Properly? All this
and other valuable information can be obtained by
reading our 100-PAGE ILLUSTRATED
HORSE BOOK, which we will forward, post-
paid, on receipt of only 25 cents in stamps.

**BOOK PUB. HOUSE,
134 Leonard St., New York City.**

**CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH
PENNYROYAL PILLS**

RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND.
Original, best, only genuine and
reliable. Ask for Chichester's English
Diamond Brand, in red net
wrapper, and you will get the
best. At Druggists. Accept
no others. All pills to cause
headache, pain, or any other
discomfort, are dangerous.
Chichester's English Diamond
Brand is "Killer for Ladies," in
letter, by return mail. 10,000 teach-
monitors from Ladies' World used their name paper.
Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

C Care to
1000 BATS
various sizes
cases Buttons
sent only by the
Grand Central Co.
Cincinnati,
Ohio.

We have sold Big G for
many years, and it has
given the best of satis-
faction.
D. R. DYCHE & CO.,
Chicago, Ill.
\$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

EFFECTS OF MODERN LIFE.—Eminent authorities unanimously agree that the high pressure methods of modern life are rapidly making us a race of helpless invalids—subject to all manner of nervous affections, headache, insanity, dizziness, neuralgia, backache, hysteria, nervous troubles of the heart, stomach, kidneys, brain, etc. Ladies and gentlemen who are thus afflicted, or who are compelled to keep late hours, do much mental or physical work, who worry or fret about business or domestic troubles, should remember that no other remedy in the world will so speedily cure these diseases, remove worry and the blues, induce tranquil sleep, relieve pain, or build up the brain and nervous system, as Dr. Miles' great discovery, the Restorative Nervine. It contains no opium or morphine. Trial bottles free at Dicks' drug store.

A number of counterfeit \$10 greenbacks have been put into circulation. They are executed to represent the series of 1873, but can be distinguished from the genuine by the execrable likeness of Daniel Webster and by the fact that the paper is poor and paltry, the lettering is all in a line, so quaint in the genuine the capitals all while they ters of words rise above the lettering time.

THE VERDICT UNANIMOUS.—W. D. Sult, druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, O., affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have attested their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the liver kidneys or blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at Dicks' drug store.

Lumber has already advanced one dollar to one dollar and a half per thousand feet, through the great loss of booms and manufactured lumber.

INVALID AND SACRAMENTAL WINES.—Speer's Unfermented Grape Juice is a pure unalloyed wine from the finest native grown Port Grapes, especially for the use of Christian Churches, preserved from fresh and pure juice as it is pressed from the grape and guaranteed to retain its grateful flavor and essential qualities unimpaired for any period. Much used for evening parties and invalids who do not use stimulants.

Great consternation has been created among the farmers of Indiana by the appearance during the last few days of a small green bug or parasite that threatens to demolish the wheat, oats and rye crops.

SAVED.—A fine family of children were all afflicted with scrofula. Two died early; the rest would soon have followed, but for the timely and persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which built them up into a healthy and vigorous manhood.

The necessity of submitting the Samoan treaty to the Senate is used as an argument for the assembling of Congress in October. President Harrison is said to favor the early meeting of Congress.

HOSPITAL REMEDIES.—What are they? The growth of intelligence in medical matters has given rise to a demand for a class of genuine, reliable medicines. The opportunity of the ignorant quack, who grew rich curing everything out of a single bottle has passed. To supply satisfactorily this demand this list of remedies has been created. They are the favorite prescriptions of the most famous medical practitioners of the day, gathered from the hospitals of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. Prescriptions which cost the patients of these specialists from \$25 to \$100, are here offered, prepared and ready for use, at the nominal price of ONE DOLLAR EACH. Not one of them is a cure all; each one has only the reasonable power of curing a single disease and each one keeps its contract. Sufferers from Catarrh, Diseased Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Fever and Ague, Neuralgia, Female Weakness, Leucorrhoea, or Nervous Debility, should send stamp for descriptive catalogue to Hospital Remedy Co., No. 303 West King St., Toronto, Canada. If your druggist does not keep these remedies remit price and we will send direct free of duty.

The Carlisle Club, a social organization, forwarded to Gov. Beaver \$300 to be used for relief of sufferers of recent floods.

CATHARTIC PILLS ARE WHIPS to the liver and bowels, but give no strength. The more you take the more you need. Miles' Pills (M. P.) positively strengthen. The longer taken, the less required. Samples free at Dicks'.

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE IT. It is not always convenient to call a Physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand, it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cents.

There are few things in this life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 cents. At J. W. Barnitz's Drug Store.

Don't adopt affectation of speech of manners—the monkey and dudes have the inside track on that business.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Protection to home industries—a lock and key on the pantry door.

HAPPY MEETING OF TWO FRIENDS.—John M. Allen, of Charlotte, N. Y., said to his friend, "Parsons, I am about dead with the Gravel, and cannot find help." Mr. Parsons induced Mr. Allen to give Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., a trial. Weeks went by and the friends met. Mr. Allen said, "Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has saved my life. It is a cure for Gravel—and the only cure."

"Mamma, why is papa bald?" "I am his fourth wife, darling."

You can never know till you try, how quickly a dose of Ayer's Pills will cure your sick headache. Your stomach and bowels need cleansing, and these pills will accomplish it more effectually and comfortably than any other medicine you can find.

The boys still manage to get cigarettes somewhere even against the law.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Chapped Hands, Chills, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Dicks.

Lock Haven is showing great pluck and will soon be on her feet again.

MALARIA. As an anti-malarial medicine
DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY
has won golden opinions. No traveler should consider his outfit complete unless it includes a bottle of this medicine. If you are exposed to frequent changes of climate, food and water, Favorite Remedy should always be within your reach. It expels malarial poisons, and is the best preventative of chills and malarial fever in the world. It is especially offered as a trustworthy specific for the cure of Kidney and Liver complaints, Constipation and all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood. To women who suffer from any of the peculiarities of their sex, Favorite Remedy is eminently proving itself an unfailing friend—a real blessing. Address the proprietor, Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. \$1 bottle, 6 for \$5, by all druggists.

Stone in the Kidney.
How it was Removed Without the Use of the Surgeon's Knife.
In the spring of 1878 I was taken with sharp pains in the lower part of my back, in the region of the bladder. Shortly blood appeared mixed with my urine, and a few weeks later I had an attack of brown gravel. I tried a number of doctors. One said it was gravel, another said it was cancer.

Inflammation of the Bladder, and another that I had a stone in my left kidney. For three months I was under the care of an eminent specialist at Albany, but constantly growing worse I gave up in despair and went home to die. Relatives heard of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and urged me to try it. Soon the medicine began to help me; the pain and distress lessened. In two months' time I left my bed, and in six or seven months I was robust and strong. A remedy which can do this for one so near death as I was should be known every where. I hope this statement will cause others afflicted as I was to find relief in the same manner. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will cure Fever and Ague, Rheumatism, Debility of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidney and Bladder, when no other medicine or treatment has been of any benefit.

Favorite Remedy, Rondout, N. Y. Price One Dollar. Sold by all Druggists.
Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.
Prepared by
DR. DAVID KENNEDY, RONDOUT, N. Y.
\$1 per bottle Six for \$5. By all druggists.

Important!
We are forced to place a lot of Boots and Shoes on the market at extremely low prices. On account of the recent flood, we were obliged to move all of our immense stock from the cellar, and not having room enough to store it, we are obliged to reduce the stock several thousand dollars in the next few weeks. We cannot quote prices, as it would require too much space, but we must sell, and some goods must go for less than cost. You know our stock is the most complete stock in this community. So call to see us for anything you may need in ladies', men's, boys', youths' or children's shoes, hand or machine work.

H. Long & Son,
Bucher's Block, next door to A. N. Michal's Hardware Store, Hanover.

To the General Public!



J. W. Barnitz,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

Having purchased the Drug Store formerly occupied by E. G. Cook, respectfully solicits the public patronage. An entire new stock of
Drugs, Chemicals, Hair Brushes,
Fancy Articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery,
Dye
Stuffs, &c.,
such as are kept in a first-class drug store. All articles will be sold at reasonable prices.

The Celebrated New Oxford
ICE CREAM

THE undersigned wishes to announce to the public that he is giving his entire personal attention to the manufacturing of ICE CREAM, having an engine to run his machinery, and with his long and extended experience in the business, is now more fully prepared to furnish
Pic-Nics, Celebrations,
as well as

Retailers and Families,
at the shortest notice with the best of Ice Cream well packed in ice. Give him a call before ordering elsewhere and learn his

SPECIAL RATES:
He returns his thanks to his many patrons who kindly receive them as well as others who may become his patrons to return calls and stands as soon as emptied. All Cream guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. **BLUE FRONT,** on Pitt street, near the R. R. Depot New Oxford, Adams county Pa.

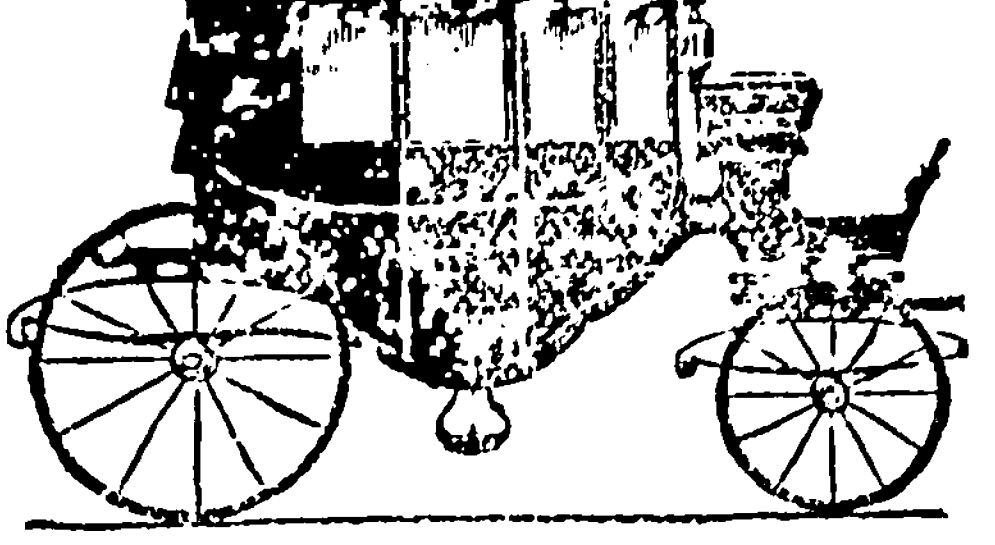
DE J. A. MEEHORN,
FIRST-CLASS FAMILY GROCERY.
Cor. Centre Sq. and Hanover St.,
New Oxford, Pa.

—(o):—
P. J. WOEL

having disposed of his liquors, will now give his whole attention to the Grocery business, bringing the public a first-class stock of goods in his line at the lowest living prices. He will always have a full assortment of
GROCERIES, Molasses, Sugars, Coffees, Spices, Tea, Salt, Cheese, Brushes, Soaps, Matches, Tobacco, Cigars, Crackers, Confections, and everything else to be found in a Family Grocery.

COUNTRY PRODUCE also dealt in extensively, and sellers and buyers are invited to give his store their custom. Nothing left undone to please and no trouble to show goods and prices. Remember the old stand, S. E. Cor. Centre Square. It is too late to get the worth of your money, not more.
13 June 79. **WALK IN!**

NEW OXFORD COACH FACTORY



Jos. H. Lawrence.
NEW OXFORD, Pa.
MANUFACTURER OF
Carriages, Buggies, &c.

Every vehicle I manufacture is made throughout—woodwork, ironwork, painting and trim—by my own hands, by competent mechanics, every one of whom has served a regular apprenticeship at his trade, and are enabled to guarantee full satisfaction in every particular.

PREPARING
all kinds done promptly, at reasonable prices.
12th Sept. **Jos. H. Lawrence.**

GRAIN, PRODUCE, &c.,
AT NEW OXFORD.

The undersigned continues the Grain and Produce business at the old stand on Pitt street, New Oxford, Pa., and will always pay the highest market prices for
FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS, CLOVER SEED, TIMOTHY SEED, FLAX SEED, HAY, &c.; and will keep on hand for sale at the smallest profits
GROCERIES, FISH, SALT, BACON, FLOUR AND FEED, SOAP, TALLOW, and everything usually kept in a first-class establishment of the kind. Will feel glad to also bring Timothy seed. Thankful to the public for past favors, he solicits a continuance of the same.

H. J. Myers.

FREE
Solid Gold Watch
\$100,000,000
The undersigned has a large stock of Solid Gold Watches, of all styles, and at very low prices. He will exchange a watch of equal value for a person in need of a watch. The person in need of a watch can secure one free of charge. He will also send a complete line of Household Samples. These samples, at \$1.00 each, will be sent free of charge, and after you have kept them in your home for 25 months and shown them to those who may have need, they become your property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address **Hinson & Co., Box 316, Portland, Maine.**

New Goods! Big Bargains!

READY-MADE CLOTHING!
MERCHANT - TAILORING!

Gents' Furnishing goods! Dry goods! Notions, Hats, Caps, Carpets, Carpet-chain, Feathers, Looking Glasses, &c., &c. All at the very lowest prices.

CARVER & LITTLE,
Cor. Broadway and Fountain Sq., HANOVER, PA.

G. W. WEAVER & SON,
GETTYSBURG, PA.

Black Stockinette Jackets.
Beaded and Lace Visites.
54-inch Drapery Nets,
for over dresses.
Black Lace Flouncings.
Skirt-depth Embroidery.
Beautiful China Silks.
for fancy work, cushions, &c.
Furkomon Curtains.
10 and 12 ft. Portierre Poles.
Brass Window Rods.
Body Brussels Carpet.
Fine Lace Curtains.
One Hundred Other Things.

We name the things above as being specially new arrivals of goods not generally kept in stores outside of the cities. We lead in business because we have the stock, right prices and are not afraid to let people know it.
CALL TO SEE US.

Spring Announcement!

We take great pleasure in announcing to the public that we are now prepared to show you a well selected stock of **SPRING CARPETINGS**; the largest and most complete stock ever seen in Hanover, at prices that can't be undersold. Come and see us, we can suit you in style and price; we will offer some big bargains this spring in our
3 Ply Ingrain, Extra Super, Extra Super, cotton chain, Cotton Ingrain, Wool Filling, Rags & Hemp, Tapestry & Body Brussels, Smyrna Rugs, Velvet Rugs, Moquette Rugs, Tapestry Rugs & Mats, Etc., Etc.
Floor Oil-Cloths in all widths and prices, Table and Stair Oil-Cloths and Stair Linen. Mirrors, Mirrors, Window Shades, Carpet Chains, Etc., Etc.

Don't fail to give us a call before purchasing.
SPANGLER & WENTZ,
No. 3 Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa.

PIANOS & ORGANS!

We have always a large stock of first-class instruments, such as
WEBER, DECKER BROS., NEW ENGLAND, FISCHER AND ESTEY PIANOS;
PALACE, LORING & BLAKE, ESTEY, SMITH'S AMERICAN, MASON & HAMLIN, WEAVER, COTAGE QUEEN, WILCOX & WHITE, BURDETTE, & NEW ENGLAND ORGANS.

We sell on easy terms at a low figure, on installments or for cash.
We also trade on old pianos and organs.
Pianos and organs for rent by the month or year.
Every instrument fully warranted as represented.
Give me a call.

MARIA L. FORRY & CO.,
Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa.

NEW OXFORD

Flouring Mills.

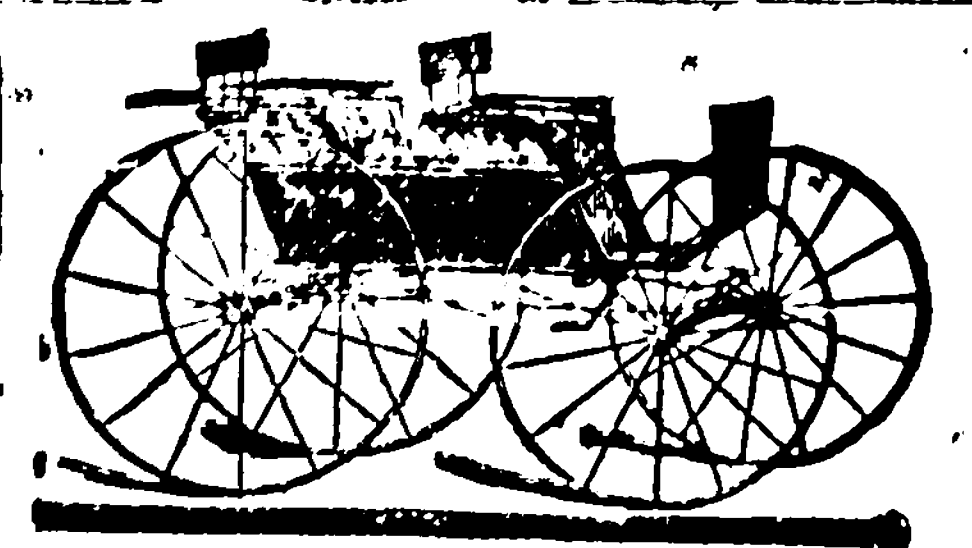
E. C. WINAND, PROP'R.

Choice Family Roller & Burr Flour!
This flour is put up in 4 and 5 bbl. sacks, and will make Nice, Soft and More Nutritious Bread than any other flour in the country; for sale in New Oxford by Z. H. Cochran, G. N. Warner, and Red Front. All kinds of Grinding done at short notice. Bran, chaff, and all kinds of feeds for sale at lowest cash prices. Delivery wagon to New Oxford every Monday and Thursday. P. O. address, NEW OXFORD, PA.

FREE
Sewing-Machine
The undersigned has a large stock of Sewing-Machines, of all styles, and at very low prices. He will exchange a machine of equal value for a person in need of a machine. The person in need of a machine can secure one free of charge. He will also send a complete line of Household Samples. These samples, at \$1.00 each, will be sent free of charge, and after you have kept them in your home for 25 months and shown them to those who may have need, they become your property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Machine and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address **Hinson & Co., Box 316, Portland, Maine.**

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CARRIAGES & BUGGIES!

BOND & CO.
(Successors to Weaver & Co.)
Manufacturers of

Light Carriages!
of every description.

Every vehicle turned out of our Works is made throughout—wood work, ironing, trimming, painting, in our own shops, under our own supervision; and we are thus enabled to guarantee full satisfaction in every particular.
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